

The MAKING *of* A MAN

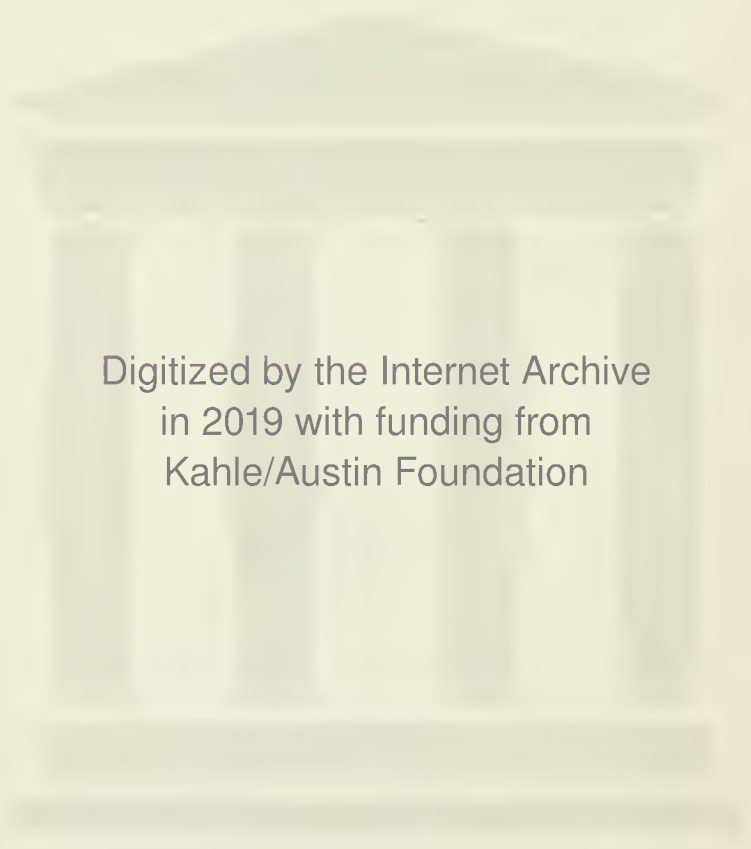
By W.D. FLATT



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"ROBERT GRABBED THE SAVAGE BY THE THROAT IN A
VICE-LIKE GRIP."

See page 76.

THE MAKING OF A MAN

BY

W. D. FLATT

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS

1918

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NOTE

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TO

The Twenty-eight Boys in My Sunday School Class
at Port Nelson, Ontario, whose joys and
sorrows I try somewhat to share—
this story of real men and
women is dedicated

Your battle of Life, boys, has just begun.
If you have the courage to be fair, honest,
strong and clean now, and if you follow
along the paths your conscience indicates,
you will have the strength of character which
produces heroes, in your years of manhood

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FOREWORD

THE story within these covers has been written from impressions received in boyhood days, ideas which time could not erase and which the passing of the years has developed and strengthened. It is perhaps only fair to state frankly that the story is largely founded on fact, though, for purposes which will be obvious, the characters have been treated from a general rather than a particular sense.

The aim has been to follow a young man's life from his home in the Orkney Islands, one hundred years ago, through his experiences in what was then an untravelled country in the Canadian West, and to show how, in his humble, common-place way, he took hold of the opportunities which presented themselves, small though they might seem to us to be, and built up a character and a place for himself in the community which stood the test of time.

Hundreds of our Canadian pioneers did just this in the simple, honest, straightforward lives they led in the early days of this country, and it is on the foundations they laid in those days that Canada's greatness now has been reared.

All honor to the stalwart Canadian pioneer. Both the young and the old of to-day may well renew in

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memory the struggles and sacrifices by which Canada's foundation was well and truly laid. It is one of the greatest legacies which the past has bequeathed to us. It is one of the treasures that we should fondly cling to.

May we never forget the heroic daring, the finer qualities of self-denial, of loyalty to duty, stronger than the love of life, of the temper which dreads dishonor more than it fears death and the patriotism which makes love of home and country a passion.

Never were the fortunes of a vast heritage, such as Canada possessed, entrusted to stouter hearts than those of the pioneers. They were the resolute, grim, silent heroes of the majestic Canadian forest solitudes. They were intense in doing good and were possessed of great, chivalrous souls.

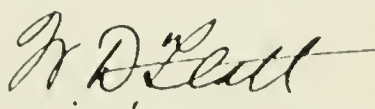
Those rugged sons and daughters of the Motherland crossed the sea and marched into the Canadian forest solitude without beat of drum. They built their log cabins amidst the towering forest giants, the giants which reached heavenward.

The fire of love for right and liberty which shone so brightly in the pioneers' everyday life still burns fiercely in the hearts of Canada's sons. The heroic deeds of valor, of service and sacrifice on the battlefields of Flanders by our boys have thrilled the heart of the world and welded forever an unbroken chain between that of the early pioneer fathers and

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mothers, and that of their sons and daughters of to-day, for the cause of liberty, freedom and righteousness, for the love of home and country, for the love of the Motherland, for the love of peace and goodwill to men.

If the story herein told marks the path of duty more plainly for others; if it assists the youth in steering his life ship clear of the danger shoals discovered on my life's voyage; if it inspires a more sturdy character, or if it influences one young man or young woman helpfully, I shall be well repaid.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W. D. Latt". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping horizontal stroke at the end.



THE MAKING OF A MAN

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME.

CLOSE to the bleak coast of the Orkney Islands, not far from where Lord Kitchener found his final resting-place and where the waves seemed to dash ceaselessly upon the rocky coast with an echo of the wonderful leader's message, "Your King and Country need you," there resided, in a cottage home, a family of seven, father and mother, four brothers and a sister. Luxuries were things unknown in the home, since the securing of a mere living was in itself a considerable problem, and so, while the children had been reared in habits of industry and thriftiness, they early appreciated that under these circumstances the future did not present an especially rosy aspect.

The situation appealed particularly to the eldest sons, Robert and William, who were sixteen and eighteen years of age, stalwart youths who, if no other gifts had been given them, were endowed with splendid constitutions, capable of great endurance.

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There was little or no work to be had at their island home and consequently little opportunity for advancement. Their father realized that the sons should be given an opportunity to hew out a destiny greater than their immediate condition would permit, but the mother, like all good mothers, found it exceedingly hard to countenance the thought of her boys leaving home. Even so early as this, a hundred years ago, stories of the wonderful opportunities of the new colony across the seas, Canada, had found their way to the little Islands, and it was perhaps only natural that the thoughts of the youths should turn toward this country of untried hopes. Since money was not plentiful in the home there was no means at hand to provide for the securing of a passage, but ultimately the opportunity was presented in an unexpected way. As we now know so well, early Canadian development, particularly in the West, was largely in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had been, even for some years previous to this, carrying on a large fur trade under special Government permission. Since young men were exceedingly scarce in Canada, when the Company desired new employees they naturally turned to the Old Land. In this case an experienced employee on such a search, knowing something of the characteristics of the Orkney men, visited the Islands, and his requirements became known to the two brothers.



ROBERT AND WILL HEARING THE STORY OF OPPORTUNITY IN A NEW LAND.

LEAVING HOME

Only specially fitted young men of fine physique and those who had been trained in their homes to a knowledge of discipline and duty, which, of course, meant a knowledge of what hard work implied, were considered. The applicants must necessarily possess reputation without reproach, and a character which stood out upon their faces. What the Company wanted were young men of the highest type, who could be absolutely depended on to do their whole duty amid the most trying circumstances. The necessity for this can be understood when it is known that the work of these employees demanded dealing with the Indians as well as with the white men, and possibly the protection of the rights of the Company against a whole Indian tribe. Robert and William, although they were somewhat younger than the men usually chosen, measured so fully up to the required standard that they made a splendid impression on the Company's employee, and were consequently placed under contract.

Aside from the novelty and excitement of experiences to be expected in a new land, the immediate financial terms of the position were not great. An iron-clad contract providing for payment of ten pounds per year for the first four years was signed by the lads. This, it will be noted, was the equivalent of about fifty dollars each per year, which was surely a low salary for picked young men. When it

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was considered that the duties to be expected of the men were not only arduous but dangerous, and would require isolation from civilization for a considerable period, the wages offered could not be said to be large. However, the outlook for a future in a country which was known in those days as a mighty wilderness, with rivers and lakes so large that the early explorers had been able to trace only a slight portion, and famed for its game and fur-bearing animals, possessed a wonderful attraction. Again, since money had been so little known at home the sum seemed very large to them, much larger than it would have done to lads under different circumstances. Some idea of their characters may be gleaned from the fact that they requested a special clause in the contract providing for one half of their earnings to be paid direct to their parents, and with the contract once signed it was realized by all who knew them that it would be thoroughly lived up to. They were prepared to give their best in the hope of making a favorable impression upon the Company's Chief Factor, who had charge of the concern's business in Canada. To them the word of encouragement meant considerably more than did their wages.

Farewells in those days were just as painful as they are now. Naturally, as the time for departure drew near, the bustle of preparation was the main factor in evidence in that Orkney Island home.

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Mother and sister worked early and late knitting socks, making warm underclothing and a supply of woolen shirts, together with every necessary outfit. Nowadays, lads in similar circumstances would have used trunks for their equipment, but such things were not known at all familiarly and, besides, could not have been afforded. The equipment was packed in two boxes which had been made by the two lads themselves and which, for strength and workmanship, were of a kind not seen to-day. Nails, too, were not known in that day, and their place was taken by wooden pegs. Nowadays, too, articles of other than home manufacture would have found a large place in the boxes. How this was obviated then is explained in a special case. The father of the home had been accustomed to making the footwear for the family. He made special inquiry from the Company's agent as to what would be best for his sons in their long and trying journeys in the wilderness, and after a good deal of labor intermingled with love, provided a supply to last a considerable time. One gift, however, was purchased. Out of the very small store of money which was kept for emergencies the mother took a little and, unknown to the others, sent the sister, Jeanette, to the little village to purchase two small Bibles. In them, written with her own hand and accompanied by an

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earnest prayer commending them to God's tender love and care, were their names.

Finally the day arrived for the departure. As could be anticipated, the family all went to the dock for the last farewell, and even the faithful collie which Robert had raised from a pup was there and appeared to understand in his own way that his master and chum was leaving, probably never to return. Robert patted the dog, who wagged his tail and looked up at his master with affection in his eyes. Outside the family, many of their school chums, both boys and girls, were present, and the tears in their eyes readily indicated their feelings. The young people had been, as it were, one big family, and the hearts of the others were touched when they realized that two of their chums were leaving them. This again gave evidence of the standing of the young men in the community. Their sterling deeds and kindly words had made a host of friends for them. They had no enemies and, of course, the preacher, the school teacher, and other people of standing in the community were present to sympathize and to be near the two young men who were so loved and respected. As the moments passed before the vessel's cables were drawn in all had said their farewell but the mother. She sobbed bitterly and clung to her sons, and apparently could not con-



SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE HOME-FOLK.

LEAVING HOME

sole herself for allowing them to leave the fireside of their home. The boys in turn caressed their mother, moistening her cheeks with their tears, and spoke many cheery words, assuring her they would write to her often and would do their best to return some day when the bright future they anticipated had been realized. The mother's last words were: "Remember your Bibles, boys. I wish you would read them often and get to know the good things in them well. Don't forget that God will be with you just as well across the sea as He would here. It doesn't matter where you are, in the wilderness or by the lakes, He will stay with you night and day just the same, and if you love and serve Him truly there will not be any doubt about the future for all of us." After a moment, when she was again able to control herself, she went on: "If it should happen that I do not see you again at our home here, my lads, I will be waiting for you in a better place up yonder."

The happenings on the dock had had an interested watcher. The captain of the vessel, a bluff old tar who had witnessed many similar partings, was naturally interested in the crowd which had gathered on the dock to say farewell to the two stalwart youths. As the mother cling to the boys past the moment of departure, he hadn't the heart at once

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to give the order to cast loose, and when finally the order came it was not in the gruff voice which usually prevailed, and as the vessel slowly drew away from the dock he doffed his cap to the mother and, in a voice still showing his feeling, called out:

“Don’t worry, mother. Your boys will be safe on my ship.”

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

TRANS-ATLANTIC voyages in those days were not made with the same comfort nor by any means in the same time that are occupied now. The young men who have been coming to Canada in recent years board a ship in Liverpool on Friday and land at Montreal on Friday or Saturday. Nothing of the kind, however, was expected by the travellers on the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel. Even now we know how uncertain and even hazardous a voyage into the great northern inland sea—for in those days the most direct passage to the Company's Western posts was by way of Hudson Bay—can be at certain seasons of the year. In those days, when the trip was made on a small sailing vessel, they started out with the anticipation of a voyage which might occupy six months, or even a year, and with this was the chance that the ship might be caught in the endless fields of ice which occupied the straits for so long a season and never reach its destination. The vessel was one of the Company's regular ships, which was scheduled to make one trip each year and carry the annual mail, which arrived at the Western

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headquarters of the Company during the year. Her cargo was comprised of supplies for the various camps and trading-posts, and these materials were distributed from Fort Churchill and Port Nelson, on the Hudson Bay coast, to the inland stations which had been established from these bases. Ammunition, guns, traps, various kinds of food, heavy blankets and clothing constituted the greater part of the cargo, but along with these was carried a substantial supply of the trinkets which greatly pleased the Indians in those days and which were used for trading purposes. On their return journey the ships were loaded with furs which had been caught in the interior during the winter and forwarded to the Company's stations, from which they had been in turn packed to the Hudson Bay ports.

In addition to the regular crew the ship's company comprised a score or more picked young men from the Orkneys and other sections of northern Scotland. Favors were not very much known among these men of the sea, and usually the Company's young men were left pretty much to themselves. The captain's attention, however, had been specially drawn by the mother's affectionate farewell to Robert and Will and, as might be expected, his heart had been warmed toward the youths. By reason of this, though it was not understood by the young men, they were given a favored spot for their sleep-

THE VOYAGE

ing quarters and were placed rather nearer amidships than usual. To anyone who crossed in the early days on one of these small sailing vessels it will be at once apparent how much comfort this, as compared with other locations, would mean to the two lads.

Do you remember how you felt the first night you were away from home when darkness set in? If so you will realize something of what the two lads of our story felt that night, and their feelings were intensified by the realization that they were on the mighty deep, this thought being impressed by the lapping of the water on the ship's bows and the realization that the farewell of the afternoon was to be possibly the last one. It is under such conditions that temptation to forget one's home principles easily finds a place, and the first test was to come at this time to Robert and William. As can be appreciated, the crew of the vessel were largely old salts, who had known only a hard-and-fast life, with all the temptations which come to seafaring men. Since the sleeping quarters of the young men adjoined those of the crew, the type of language which came to the ears of the Company's young employees when the crew were preparing for sleep can be imagined. For a time the two listened and contained themselves as best they could, and finally Robert spoke. "This is not what we have been taught at home," he said.

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“We will kneel together and say our prayers.” And in the midst of this company of rough, inconsiderate men, they offered up a prayer, simple, uncultured, and yet one which meant so much, to the God they had learned to love and trust. The other youths who accompanied them were silent. Most of them had been reared in good homes, but they did not exhibit the courage of Robert and William. While the heroic stand of the two lads—and just how heroic the act was will not be appreciated immediately by many of my readers—did not seem to have much effect on the crew, and some of them had kept on with their oaths and curses, reflecting on the lads themselves, one member, and a leader among the others, had been strongly impressed. As he noted the manly way in which the two lads knelt, adhering to their principles, in the middle of the rough, uncouth crew, in spite of himself his mind turned back to his youthful days, to the old home fireside where he had knelt with mother, father, sisters and brothers; and when he saw the two lads open the Bibles their mother had given them that afternoon he was reminded of the Bible his mother had presented to him forty or fifty years ago. He heard, also, his mother’s last words running in his ears and, as can be imagined, it was some time before he went to sleep. Sandy did not sleep well that night, either. Memories of home and of earlier days and better

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things persisted, and when he woke a kindlier feeling than usual possessed his heart. He appreciated more than he had done before what it had meant to the two lads to take the stand they had done then, and perhaps because of this, when the ship's company was called to breakfast, Robert was placed at the head of the table. He was the youngest of the company and could scarcely see why he was given this honor. As could be expected, many of the men fell to immediately, but Robert, again remembering his home principles and feeling that his position gave him some authority, rose and lifting his hand in a commanding way, said: "Men, if you will bow your heads I will ask a blessing." It might seem that this action would have been likely to stir up trouble, but perhaps by reason of Robert's steady eye, his earnestness, and his commanding appearance, as well as by his manly act the night before, his wish was obeyed.

Ordinarily, ocean travellers expect to rest and enjoy themselves. The Hudson's Bay Company, however, provided no such easy means of entertainment for their apprentices, and a distinct programme of instruction and work to be done on the ship had been laid out for them. To provide for this, along with the captain and the other ship's officers, a man who had seen many years in the Company's service was included, whose duties were to take charge of the young men on their voyage and make them

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familiar with the services they would be called on to render in the new field. Thus on the first morning, immediately after breakfast, this instructional work was begun. At first the small things were taken up, and each of the young men was put at a different task. The making of harness for dogs, for instance, was given to one, the repairing of snowshoes to another, the filling of cartridges, cleaning of guns, the handling of traps was taken up by other young men. Some of them were given instruction in the difficult art of doing up a pack and how to carry that pack properly. Others were given hints as to proper cooking in the wilds. Then others were instructed as to how to meet emergencies and as to how energy, resourcefulness and courage could be utilized under the varying conditions of the new service. It was necessary also that each one should have at least some understanding of the Indian dialect. Sketches were shown of the different Indian tribes, bringing out their characteristics so that these should be familiar when they were met with in the forest solitudes. Interesting as this work was, it required not only close but incessant application. However, the young men had been well selected. They were the type of youths who said, "We can, We will!" They were told plainly and bluntly that no weakling could live in the forest solitude, and that it was their duty to be prepared for emergencies of all kinds. As

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the voyage progressed they were given further instruction in woodcraft and trapping of animals, and how to meet and dispose of the larger animals, such as the grizzly, the silver tip, the mountain lion, the wolf, and others which they would meet in the wilderness.

With the practical side of this instruction came a romance side. At times the Company's officer very kindly accompanied his instruction with stories of his experiences in the regions unknown to the young men. While he was strict with them, he was patient, and naturally the most of them grew very fond of him. They saw through his stories that in the new life there was to be conflict among ever-changing conditions and that with this adventure came victory—victory not only in things which pertained to the Company's welfare, but also which extended to the making of their own characters. The lads longed to try their fortune where nature was supreme, where the feet of white men had seldom if ever trod, where the conflict of nature was unceasing.

At first, outside of the learning of these new duties, the voyage passed uneventfully. Half of the anticipated time of passage had gone by. The winds had largely been favorable. It is true that rough seas had been encountered, but these had been expected, and bore with them the usual quota of trial in seasickness, which after a time lost its effect.

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All on board were well, and as the announcement was made that more than half the distance had been covered and that Hudson Bay might be reached in two or three months, an atmosphere of cheerfulness was everywhere evident.

But with the passage of time had come somewhat changed conditions, particularly among members of the crew. After a little time Sandy was influenced to hunt up his Bible, deep among the worn-out clothing in his seaman's chest, and when he brought it forth to the light it was seen that the blue ribbon which had been tied around the precious book by his own mother, forty-five years before, still retained its place. The Bible had not been opened. The mother's message inside had not been read. Tenderly and with tears in his eyes in spite of the hardness which had come with his years of rough living, Sandy loosened the knot and opened the book. Inside he found a one-pound note, with the message, "Sandy, my boy, take this. It is all I have. As you go through life do not forget that you should always do God's will and help others. If you can only help boys to be men, Sandy, I will be proud of you." The note was signed "Your affectionate, loving mother."

The influence of the two lads had been made apparent in other ways. Sandy now said his prayers at nights, and a few of the crew followed his example. Some of the men held aloof, but there was

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no more carousing at bedtime. Men who had not learned to bow the knee to their heavenly Father in each others' presence at least had learned to respect those who did.

No member of the crew dared to speak badly of Robert and Will in Sandy's presence. They knew it would mean a fight to a finish. The two lads had no truer friend on board than Sandy. The members of the crew well understood this, and for this reason, if not for their own sake, were always respectful to the two young men; and in addition to this they admired them for their pluck and courage. They realized that almost any lad could fall in and drift with the crowd, but that it required backbone and unusual courage to stand alone for what was right when they were surrounded by men such as made up the ship's crew.

For many years Sandy had been associated with men of a lower type, and he consequently understood that they as well as himself respected the young man who, possessing backbone and nerve, fought at all times for the principles he believed to be right. These men were rough and uncouth and had forgotten a good deal of their early training, but at heart they still had considerable of inherent goodness. In consequence, they learned to love Robert and Will because the lads played the game of life fairly and squarely and under well-defined

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and well-recognized rules. The young men carried the matter of right straight into the enemy's camp and had won the first round of the game, as we have seen, the first night they were on board the ship. As a baseball writer would put it, "Robert had put the first ball straight over home plate and had registered a strike." Following this he kept on with his good pitching. Sandy, in his turn, played the game also like a man and tried to instil the same spirit into his friends of the crew.

As days passed it was noticed that the air became more chill. The thermometer showed a much lower temperature. To the seamen this was indicative of a peril which did not evidence itself to the young men who were making their first voyage. What this was will perhaps be guessed when it is known that the lookouts were doubled and that the captain and mate spent considerably more of their time on the bridge. Then one day, just as the sun was setting, the lookout sang out :

"Berg two points to sta'board, sir."

And in a few minutes the golden glow of the sinking ball of fire could be seen reflected on the peak of a huge iceberg a little to the right. As can be imagined, the young men revelled in this unusual sight, and when the vessel passed within a mile of the berg it gave the appearance of a frozen mountain of diamonds. After some inquiries Robert and Will

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learned the reason for the care on the part of the ship's officers. It appeared to them that the danger was over so soon as the berg was passed, but when they were told that the danger was not so great from the visible ice mountains as from those which lay closer to the sea and which were not so much in evidence, they understood the situation better.

Other dangers added their quota to the excitement. Heretofore exceedingly good weather had been enjoyed on the voyage, but now it seemed that the gods of the storm had settled their efforts on the destruction of the little craft. For several days a hurricane of wind, snow and sleet prevailed. Sails were blown to bits. Ice fields were numerous, thus causing a great deal of anxiety to the officers and crew. Attempts were made to escape the larger bergs, but, time after time, in spite of all efforts, it did appear that some of these numerous ice mountains would carry the ship downwards into the deep. When hulls in the gale appeared the ship was hove to and new sails were bent on to take the place of those destroyed. Every man on board was doing his full duty and with a determination to keep the good ship afloat.

On the eighth day of the storm, when its fury seemed to be increasing a shout was suddenly heard, even above the roar of the sea: "Man overboard!" came from half a dozen throats. Looking quickly

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over the side, Robert noted a man in the grip of the cold, angry sea, and a moment later identified him as his friend Sandy, whom a huge wave had carried some distance from the vessel. Robert's early training and native courage at once came to the fore. Waiting only to throw off his coat and boots, he leaped from the deck into the foaming sea and started with strong strokes for the drowning man. Fortunate it was that Robert had practised the art of swimming from boyhood and that over and over he had swam through the mountainous waves which at times surrounded his island home. Many and many a time, for the pure love of it, he and his brothers had made their way through the howling surf of the rocky coast and had gloried in thus defeating the strength of nature. All this stood him in good stead now. While Sandy was able to keep afloat, he was a much older man, and in the maelstrom which surrounded him it was impossible for him to make headway. All on board watched the struggle of the young hero. Some suggested that a boat should be launched, but the captain knew that this was impossible. A boat would not have lived a minute in such a sea. The captain followed the best plan he knew, however, and ordered the lowering of the main sails, so that the ship's way was checked until only steerage-way remained. As the vessel tossed it was difficult to follow the two imperilled men. Now and



"HE LEAPED FROM THE DECK INTO THE FOAMING SEA."

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then their heads could be seen above the storm-lashed sea. It was evident that Robert was making headway and that Sandy had seen Robert and was doing his best to reach his rescuer, though he disappeared and rose again at intervals. Then a huge wave picked him up and carried him speedily toward the goal he was striving for.

As Sandy struggled his mind was not idle. A thousand and one thoughts ran through his mind. He wanted to live at that moment more than he had ever done before. He wanted to visit once more the home of his boyhood days, to take back the little Bible to his dear old mother, to kneel at her side and thank her for the Book that had helped to win him back to his God. He wanted, too, to thank the young man who had brought him back to a realization of his position and who, he knew now, was braving unusual peril for his sake. Sandy wanted to do something worth while in whatever remained to him of life. He prayed during these moments of agony, during this time of suspense between life and death. His heart cried out to God and, as is always the case, he was heard. As his power and strength seemed to be waning, and when he was about ready to give up, a strong arm grasped him in a vicelike grip. Robert had caught him under the arms and was swimming with his heavy burden toward the ship. When it was seen that the rescuer's goal had been reached a cheer

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went up heartily from those on board. This, in turn, was drowned by the roaring and hissing of the waves. Robert was now making a supreme effort. Again and again he disappeared with his burden, and again and again mighty waves seemed to be trying to wrench his charge from his grasp. He realized that the life of his friend depended on him, and set himself to additional effort.

In the meantime Will had been watching the scene with a readiness second only to his brother. He, like Robert, had played and fought with the waves that dashed on the Orkney shores, and he, too, had gained from these struggles a courage which was only waiting to be tried. In the moments of waiting until it seemed his efforts would be necessary he also had removed his outer clothing and stood among the old tars of the crew ready to give himself when the time came. As was only natural, swimmers there were in numbers among these rough men, but not another was ready to tackle the job that the lads were ready to meet. Will watched his brother as closely as the drenching seas permitted, and when it seemed that his strength was failing he, without hesitation, plunged headlong into the sea and struck out with lengthy strokes which were the admiration of the crew. He knew Robert's powers better than any of the others, but he realized that even a giant's endurance could not last in such conditions, and he

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planned to relieve his brother of the burden which he knew must be so overwhelming to him. After a few moments he reached the side of the two struggling men and with some difficulty persuaded Robert to relinquish his hold on Sandy and finally, after continued struggling through the waves, which seemed reluctant to give up their prey, they reached the ship and were helped aboard.

At first it appeared surprising that while the two lads seemed to regain their usual strength immediately and were able to walk to their sleeping quarters, Sandy was almost altogether overcome, and it was necessary that efforts to revive him should be made. To those who thought about it, however, it showed that the victory won by the two lads proved at once that they had led clean lives and were possessed of the kind of courage which through all the history of the world has overcome the greatest obstacles. The first act of the brothers when they returned to the sleeping quarters was to get down on their knees and thank their Heavenly Father for the strength He had given them to save the life of a friend.

After another day the storm seemed to wreak its fury. The sun shone once more and prospects seemed much more favorable. How the lads were greeted after their heroic experience can well be appreciated. They had made a warm place in the hearts of the crew before, but now they had proved

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themselves heroes, and while not much of the feeling was expressed in words, they felt the goodwill of both captain and crew in a good many ways. In a few days, too, Sandy was about again quite as well as ever. Words would fail to tell his appreciation of what his friends had done for him.

Two weeks more of changeable weather was experienced, with wind enough to keep the ship well on her course, and then, all in a moment as it seemed, on one bright day endless fields of ice loomed up ahead. The captain, with glass in hand, stood on the bridge looking for an opening to the east, and after sailing along the apparently impenetrable barrier for several hours a narrow sheet of open water was finally encountered. The ship's course was set for the open space, but when the spot which had formerly been clear was reached disappointment was manifest, for there was no open channel in evidence, but only grinding, crushing, pushing ice. They had come to the edge of the northern ice fields which, opening and closing at intervals, made it perilous for any ship built as they were at that time to attempt a passage. Nowadays a Canadian Government ice-crusher would have forced a way without difficulty over the ice-pack. Then, with a vessel built for ocean travelling and with little experience in ice, this was not possible.

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The captain, though, had had years of experience in Hudson Bay conditions and had sailed in the northern waters in the sealing and whaling trade years before. He knew that the ship must be kept clear of the dangerous field or it would be in constant peril of being crushed or pinched by the mass of ice which, pushed by the millions of tons of ice and the forces of wind and wave and tide behind, moved together with titanic force. So he was contented to follow a course in the open sea for a week in order to avoid these difficulties.

Following a southern course, at the end of several days the end of the ice field was reached and blue water was in evidence ahead. Suddenly a sight of much interest appeared to the young men when a whale was seen blowing off the port bow. The next morning, which was Sunday, brought joy to the hearts of all and an appreciation that the end of the voyage was approaching, with the lookout's announcement that land was sighted. Some surprise was caused again when Sandy suggested a special service of thanksgiving. For weeks he had been doing his best to bring his friends of the crew to a realization of the responsibilities of life. In the sleeping quarters, when the men were off duty, he had talked to them as never before, and many who had sailed with him for years were impressed with

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the fervor of his prayers and could not help but be convinced of the staunch stand he had taken to serve his Maker as best he knew.

There was reason for rejoicing. The sight of land confirmed the result of the captain's observations, and when it was known that after a week or ten days of clear sailing they would reach the end of the voyage, feelings of thankfulness and cheer were much in evidence. Smaller icebergs and less extensive ice fields were now encountered, and here the youthful employees of the Hudson's Bay Company saw for the first time polar bears with their cubs, walrus, seal, and other animals of the kind which made their home in Hudson Bay waters.

Anyone who has occasion to cross the Atlantic now knows, or finds out before the passage is complete, that it is the custom to organize a ship's concert. Even at this early date the custom had been established, and now that the end of the passage appeared to be in sight such entertainment was arranged for. In this everyone took part.

The arrival of the vessel meant a good deal to other than those on board, a fact which was not thoroughly appreciated during the passage by the young men who were travelling to the new land for the first time. On the voyage of this one vessel the Company's employees in the far Canadian West depended almost wholly for their supplies and for



"FOR THE FIRST TIME SAW POLAR BEARS."

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a great deal of their food. With the centre of the Company's interests at Fort Churchill, the officers and employees of the concern naturally gathered at that point, and recently food there had been running somewhat low. As can be expected also, there were many who were looking forward with great expectations to letters from their loved ones at home. The Factor and those in charge knew, if the vessel had had an ordinary voyage, what time she might be expected, and as the anticipated date approached a sharp lookout was kept each day for signs of the white sails. Several days passed unavailingly, but finally patience was rewarded and a cheer went up from the employees of the Company gathered at the Fort as the ship came in sight. For the last few days, also, the inhabitants of the Fort had been added to by numbers of Indians who from year to year came to see the Company's vessel arrive. It was the great event of the year for the people of that land. Many of the Indians had trapped faithfully for the Company during the winter; the result of their work had been placed to their credit in the Company's books, and in return for this they were anxious to secure useful articles which were comprised in the ship's cargo. When the vessel drew into the dock there was a shout of rejoicing and, as can be imagined, it was a varied crowd of humanity which pressed toward her. The Indians, however,

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as they had been taught from year to year, kept a respectful distance, and the Factor was the first man to grasp the hand of the captain when the men reached shore. After the captain and officers, the first to land were the score or more youths who had been so carefully selected to further the Company's trade. One of the features most looked for in the vessel's arrival was the mail which she brought. In these days, when letters and newspapers are delivered to us three or four times a day we cannot appreciate what it meant to these men, shut off in the wilderness, to receive news from home which came only once a year. And it was not all rejoicing which followed the opening of the mail pouches. For some men their quota of letters brought sadness. A mother or a father, sister or a brother, or possibly a child, had passed away since they had received news the year before. As these sorrowful items were made known moist cheeks were seen even among these weathered and grizzled heroes who had accepted the call of the wilderness in the vast region where white men were practically unknown outside the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company.

MacTavish, the Factor, looked the lads over carefully, wondering what kind of material the Company's officer had chosen for him. He was a man not given to smiles, and through long association with the Indians and the half-civilized people



"THE FACTOR WAS THE FIRST MAN TO GRASP THE HAND OF THE CAPTAIN."

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of the wilds he had come to cultivate a stern and hard mien which did not by any means represent his true feelings. However, when the stalwart lads from the Orkneys, with Robert in the lead, marched past, each with his strong box containing all his earthly goods on his shoulder, a smile was seen to break through the sternness of his face. Never had the Company landed better looking lads at Fort Churchill, and MacTavish felt that if the young men measured up to their appearance he would be exceedingly well satisfied. The interest manifested in this smile was deepened when the captain, who had been talking to him, pointed out Robert and Will as they passed and told him of the heroic episode on the voyage. Around the Factor and the captain were also grouped some of the Company's older trappers, who had been in conflict with the frozen wilds for many a year. They too saw in the newcomers the makings of men who were to do things, men who would meet obstacles and who would overcome them.

For more reasons than one the coming of the ship was a season of rejoicing to the Company's employees. This first day the crew had been given leave on shore, which was long needed after their cramping experiences on shipboard, and had been allowed to stretch their legs and enjoy themselves as they saw fit. The evening, too, brought its enjoyment, for a banquet had been spread in which a part

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of the ship's cargo had a large place. Naturally the Company's officers resident at the Fort, with their subordinates, were interested in food from the Old Land brought over by the vessel, and in their turn the members of the crew were very well satisfied to dine on brook trout, venison, bear steak, and other dishes prepared from the food available in the wilds.

While the banquet was in progress an incident occurred which the young men long remembered. As became their new station, Robert and William, with their companions from the Old Land, had been seated with the Company's officers. At an unexpected moment their friend Sandy, who had been with the crew, was seen edging his way, first through the red men with their squaws on the outside of the gathering and then through the Company's employees, until he approached his young friends. It had suddenly occurred to Sandy that this would probably be the last opportunity he would have to exchange a kindly word with his rescuers, and before he was through, even if he had not felt so before, Robert felt well repaid for any effort he had made in the old sailor's behalf during the night of the storm at sea.

The following morning the scene around the vessel was one of great energy and apparent confusion. All hands were busy removing the ship's cargo, which was transferred to a large warehouse at the Fort.

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For the crew this would have been an enormous task, but since the horde of Indians who had gathered from the hundreds of miles around the Fort for this event of the year found the work somewhat of a novelty, only two days were occupied. Then began the work of loading the vessel with its return cargo. Furs, tied carefully in great bundles, were stored away in the holds, and after the holds were full huge piles, which, in their rolled-up state, resembled cordwood, were securely fastened by lashing to the deck. This was the great outlet for the Company's product, and annually tens of thousands of the finest skins were shipped to its sorting and distributing house in London. Two days more sufficed for this part of the work and finally, while those on shore waved a hearty farewell, the ship started on its return journey. Not the least important part of its cargo were letters from Robert and Will to the loved ones at home, giving vivid descriptions of the voyage which had been the means of landing them in their new home.

CHAPTER III.

NEW EXPERIENCES IN A NEW LAND.

WHILE, as we have seen, MacTavish's impression of the young men coming into his employ had been pleasing, he was anxious to become more closely acquainted personally with each of them. MacTavish was a judge of men. It was his business to place the lads where they would accomplish the best results in the Company's work; in consequence, each was brought into his quarters and interviewed separately. In making provision for the allocation of the men the hard way of the wilds was followed, and no provision was given for relationships or friendships. It is not to be wondered at then that when the allotment of the lads to territory was made Robert and Will found that their ways were to separate. Indeed, had they thought to make inquiries they would have learned that their ultimate locations lay over a thousand miles apart.

Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, was at that time one of the Company's rapidly growing posts. The Factor here, Andrew Donald, had written MacTavish, in a letter which had been sent in care of Pete, one of the faithful Indian guides, outlining the growth



STARTING OUT FROM PORT CHURCHILL.

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of the Company's trade in that section and asking for assistance. He saw possibilities of materially enlarging the Company's trade in his territory, and stated that he wanted young men with youth, endurance and enthusiasm, who would be obedient but who would be possessed of indomitable will and unconquered spirit. When considering Donald's letter MacTavish finally sent for Robert and instructed him that he had been selected for duty at Fort Garry and that he was to leave the following day for the journey of over a thousand miles through the wilderness. Will had been assigned to a post in a region further west. It was natural that keen feelings should stir in the hearts of these sturdy lads when the final time for separation arrived. They had hoped that the situation might be otherwise, but not a word of complaint was heard from either of them.

Duty was their watchword. Discipline and obedience had been faithfully instilled into them by their mother in their earlier days. They knew they were starting out to fulfil their contract. They knew, further, that the Company's employees were men who did not even flinch when their duty was pointed out to them, and in consequence they obeyed without a whimper. A simple clasp of the hand was the only evidence of their feeling at parting, but this did not by any means give any indication of the regret and longing which burned within. Taking a few steps,

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Robert turned and cast a lingering glance toward his brother. Then, with a farewell wave of the hand, with faces beaming with love and confidence in the future, they parted to be swallowed up by the vast and unknown regions of the Canadian West. From henceforth the wilderness world was to be their home.

Imagine, you lads of sixteen and seventeen, the feelings of this young man, starting out on a new adventure into unknown country. You lads who are homesick when you spend a week away from home on the farm will appreciate the indomitable spirit that Robert must have possessed at this point in the journey. Put yourself in his place and imagine how you would have felt.

After a time Robert discovered he had one comforting feature. We have spoken of the Indian guide, Pete, who had been sent from Fort Garry by Factor Donald. Pete had proved himself one of the most trustworthy Indians in the Company employ, and MacTavish had impressed on him especially the character of the youth who was to be with him, and had admonished him not only to see that good care was taken of the young man, but also that he be taught such things as Pete was capable of teaching him. Unknown to Robert, also, Pete was given a note to Donald telling something of the impression he had made on MacTavish and giving an account



"WITH A FAREWELL WAVE OF THE HAND . . . THEY PARTED."

NEW EXPERIENCES IN A NEW LAND

of his conduct during the voyage. MacTavish had sized the boy up well and knew, as was true, that such a story would never come from the lad himself. Something of the result of the lad's manly bearing and his influence on various members of the crew during the voyage had been transmitted to MacTavish by the ship's captain, and this also was included in the note carried by the Indian guide.

Robert soon came to appreciate the strength and the knowledge of the country and its conditions evidenced by his companion. He was exceedingly thankful again for the fact that during the voyage he had picked up enough of the Indian language to be able to converse, though with some little difficulty, with his companion.

Something of the journey the two had undertaken may be appreciated when it is known that they anticipated travelling at least thirty days on foot. While later Robert was to experience the delights of travelling by dog-sled, this was impossible at this season since the winter had not set in as yet. Again, it was a custom of the Company to start their new men out on foot, believing that from the incidents of such a journey they would gain experience such as would be invaluable to them afterward. For instance, it was expected that Pete would teach Robert some of the arts of woodcraft—how to make provision for spending the night on the trail and how to secure a

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supply of food when such was required. Then, again, Robert encountered another experience which, while it was new, brought to him thoughts of home. To aid in transportation the Company followed the custom of placing canoes at different points on the trail, which eased very much and frequently materially shortened the journey. While Robert was at home on the water, his first experiences with a canoe were rather amusing, and in his first attempts to use his great strength he would frequently have come to disaster had it not been for Pete's readiness with the paddle. It was not long, however, until he became familiar with the frail birchbark craft, and was able to make the canoe glide through the water in a way even to bring admiration to the eyes of Pete, who naturally was a thoroughly experienced canoeman. So quickly did Robert adapt himself to the conditions met with that Pete began to be proud of his companion and was well satisfied as to their reception at Fort Garry. Robert was so anxious to learn that not only did he keep Pete busy by day, but kept the guide and himself awake sometimes far into the night talking of methods of trapping and of experiences so different to what the lad had been accustomed to in the Old Land. Never so late did they stay awake, however, but that daylight found them awake and ready to proceed on their journey.

Robert had been a one hundred per cent. boy. He

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was now making himself into a one hundred per cent. youth. By incessant application he had learned to master himself. His early training at home had given him to realize the importance of little things. All this helped to make him a willing pupil in Pete's hands, and instead of feeling himself, as a good many lads would have done in his place, superior to the Indian, he realized very shortly how much better equipped the red man was than he to meet most of the experiences they were about to enter upon. He was superior to the Indian in many ways, however. He had accepted God as his guide. His forces, both physical and mental, were now being fused into a product of genuine manhood. When he had played in the games at home he had played to win, but he had never forgotten that manliness comes first and that the mere matter of winning occupies a secondary place. He had learned the importance of concentration, and while he perhaps did not realize the significance of it, he had discovered possibilities within himself. His ordeals had been faced bravely and manfully and with an unflinching spirit. Character stood out boldly on his face. He had begun to understand that life was a test of patience and endurance and that he must be continually in action to develop the best that was in himself. He had asserted himself as a boy. He was now asserting himself as a youth. He had come to realize that

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nothing worth while could thrive in a cold heart, and that if his heart was to be properly warm it must beat to the impulses that were right, noble and true. He had learned to start off being properly thankful every day; that grumbling, growling and criticising do not help either to make up character or to help one along. He had learned that sacrifice would help to lift him a long distance on life's journey, and from a religious aspect he realized that he was constructing a house within himself that he had to live in; that it was his duty to his God to make that home worthy and beautiful.

Pete began to appreciate some of these things after a very short association with his companion. He had seen the Bibles of some of the white men, but had never before seen one who so faithfully followed every day the practice of spending a little time with the Great Book. After a time Robert told Pete how the gift had come to him from his mother, and before many nights Pete of his accord knelt at Robert's side when the young man began his devotions and said his own evening prayer. Companionship in the temple of God's great solitude, accompanied by genuineness of character inevitably leads to friendship, and so these two rapidly grew closer together.

The forest was a never-ending wonder to Robert since, of course, he had never known anything of



"COMPANIONSHIP IN THE TEMPLE OF GOD'S GREAT
SOLITUDE . . . LEADS TO FRIENDSHIP."

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it in his island home. The seemingly endless rivers were another source of awe. He was a lover of nature, and each day presented to him paintings of God's great canvas ever fresh and ever new. There seemed a friendliness about the birds, the wild flowers, the trees and the rippling streams which made him wish sometimes that the sun would always shine, so that he might always have the beauty of nature before his eyes. After a time he learned that night in the forest also has its charm. Even the darkest night gave forth the softer tones of shadow and glow. Then the camp-fire threw out wonderful shadow effects on the trees and appeared to spread living pictures all around him. With these bits came also practical things. Wild life was much in evidence. Deer and moose frequently crossed the path and at night the lonesome cry of the wolves was sometimes heard.

When the forest wilds were passed the prairie again was a revelation to Robert. Of course there were no houses in those days, and to him it seemed just a mighty world placed there by the Creator, ready and waiting for man to sow with seeds of golden grain. Here again something that Robert had not even dreamed of made its appearance, since herds of buffalo were frequently to be seen roaming at will over the prairie. Then occasionally bands of Indians came into view, some of these hunting the

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buffalo for their winter's food. As time passed Pete made Robert acquainted with the various tribes that were sighted, with their history, and with the dangerous spirit of some of these.

After they were well on their journey Robert's feet suffered from the effects of the long-continued tramping. He was a sturdy youth, very different from the wiry and hardened Indian, who had spent all his life on these paths of forest and prairie. Pete, however, knew well how to deal with such difficulties, and it was not long before the lad was able to get through the day's tramp without difficulty. At first, too, the heavy pack caused him considerable discomfort. As the days passed, however, his muscles hardened and the pack grew lighter.

Pete had intended to travel by water, using the Company's canoes for most of the journey after leaving the forest, but the nights rapidly grew colder. That year the frost set in earlier than usual, and consequently they were obliged to change their course and tramp over more of the prairie. This brought to Robert an experience he never forgot. One morning, as they tramped along, the prairie seemed suddenly to be almost black with buffalo, and after a little Pete explained that several Indian bands must have started a drive and that the herds were traveling before them. It was impossible, without making a long detour, to avoid passing near the beasts,





"THE ANIMALS RUSHED TO ONE SIDE LEAVING ROBERT IN SAFETY."

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and as they paused, suddenly something seemed to frighten a section of the herd and it began to rush toward them. On the animals came, relentless and irresistible. The two travellers shouted and waved their arms, but all to no avail. Apparently nothing could stop the mighty rush. When the animals were almost upon them Pete advanced a little to protect his companion, but notwithstanding his efforts to divert the rush of the herd and his cat-like jump out of the path of the leaders, he was borne down beneath them. His efforts, however, seemed to turn the herd at an angle and they rushed to one side, leaving Robert in safety. So soon as he could the lad hastened to Pete's side and found that, while his Indian friend was badly bruised and had suffered a broken leg, he was not dangerously injured. Under such conditions and three hundred miles from Fort Garry, their objective, the young man faced an unanticipated difficulty. However, he measured up to the situation. First, attention was given to the injured leg, and here he put into play one of the things he had learned from the Company's officer during the voyage, and thanks to this was able to set the bones of the leg fairly well, if roughly and at considerable pain to his patient. Pete, with his characteristic Indian stoicism, bore the pain without a murmur. Following Pete's suggestions, their packs of food and utensils were carefully gone over and everything

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not actually necessary was discarded. Finally, strapping the pack a little lower than usual, Robert provided for the additional burden, and picking the Indian up, placed him on his back and shoulders. At first the additional weight seemed unbearable, but at Pete's suggestion the lad adopted the Indian lope, which the guide had taught him during the long journey. This made the burden easier, since at each step it eased it up from the shoulder so that it did not seem like dead weight, and was also easier on Pete. The burden was heavy, but nothing within reason was too great for Robert when he had made up his mind. His will power and unusual strength made it possible to accomplish tasks that would look impossible to a faint-hearted youth. Pete was surprised at the ease with which Robert carried him, and when he was borne, by the pain in his leg to a partial unconsciousness, he was carried back to the days when he was a little papoose and his Indian mother carried him through the forest paths on her back.

Never since he had been a papoose, sixty or more years before, had Pete been similarly treated. His had been a life of self-protection and of service given to others. Now, when it was necessary for someone else to look after him the change was very marked, but it was none the less appreciated for this

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reason, and here again Robert's early training came into play. His patient was given every attention he knew how to give. When he was forced to lay his burden down at night, prairie hay was gathered and worked up to provide a soft pillow as well as a restful support for the broken leg. Again Robert got a chance to put into play some of the knowledge of camp cookery he had learned on the voyage over. While their rations were not varied, these were added to one evening by a dish of prairie chicken which Robert was able to get after a good deal of difficulty with the muzzle-loader he carried.

As can be imagined, the difficulties Robert faced were by no means small ones. Time after time as he packed the injured Indian on his back over the prairie trails he was wearied almost beyond endurance. Time after time he was tempted to set his burden down and to give up the struggle. An ordinary lad would have given up the job before he started, but determination had been built into Robert's heart and soul in his early days at home, and this found its way out on this long-to-be-remembered journey. Pete, too, had his troubles. While he was conscious that the leg was healing, it was a terrible thing for him to be so dependent on the efforts of the one whom he had been sent to help. However, day after day the two persisted, continuing on their

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way by means of great determination, courage, and the finest of physical strength, and toward the evening of the tenth day Pete, who had been eagerly watching the landmarks, joyfully cried out that Fort Garry was in sight. It was with considerable satisfaction and relief that Robert was able to walk up to the Company's quarters and to lay his human burden safely down.

CHAPTER IV.

AN APPLICATION OF PRINCIPLES.

THE arrival of a party in such an unusual fashion created considerable interest at Fort Garry. Donald, the Factor, had been expecting the young man and his guide for some time. Robert was somewhat disappointed when, in a gruff, grating, unsympathetic voice, the man he had come so far to assist inquired the cause of the trouble. However, he told the story of the accident in a straightforward, confident way, and suggested that the Company's doctor should be sent for.

When Pete's leg was given adequate examination it was found that while the setting was by no means perfect it was good enough to assure that the Indian guide would have the use of his leg again. Robert was not displeased when he was given a bunk close by his Indian friend, who by this time could scarcely satisfactorily evidence his thankfulness and regard.

It will be remembered that Factor MacTavish at Fort Churchill had given Pete a note for Factor Donald. Perhaps it was fortunate that this had come, since Donald in his first impression was rather disappointed that one who was so apparently a lad

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had been sent him to fill the important place he anticipated using the new employee for. It is true that Robert tipped the scales at one hundred and fifty pounds, but his face more or less betrayed his youthfulness. Donald knew how necessary firmness and experience were in dealing with the trappers, and he judged at first that this lad would be of too mild a type to force respect with those with whom he was to come in contact.

More than at first appears lay behind the situation at Fort Garry. Instead of the Company's business with the trappers increasing, it had decreased the past season. Donald knew that something was wrong, but as yet had not been able to place the responsibility. The real reason was that he was a cold, domineering man, with little thought for the feelings of others, who believed that he was taking the best course when he treated the Indians like dogs. The matter was one which troubled him continually and naturally kept him in an unpleasant frame of mind.

It was into an atmosphere of this kind that Robert entered when he was called for his first interview with the Factor. He felt the situation was none too propitious but, as had been his custom, he advanced quickly to Donald with a pleasant smile and grasped the Factor's hand with a grip which, in spite of his coldness, went to the older man's heart. Then as

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the interview proceeded and question after question was put to him, he followed his superior carefully, gazing steadfastly into the other's eyes. This latter point in itself was much in the lad's favor. These soul windows of Robert's were piercing deeper into the Factor's heart than any glance had ever done before. After a little time Robert realized this and became quite at his ease, while the Factor began to show plainly that he was scarcely a match for the lad before him. It is only fair, too, to say that when the interview was over Donald sent the lad away with a good deal more respect and confidence in his new assistant than he had had previously.

There were more reasons for this than lay on the surface. As we have learned, Robert was a lad whose body and mind and soul were clean. He had read Donald's mind and soul through his eyes and knew at once that he could not have much in common with the older man, so long at least as the Factor maintained that domineering spirit which usually belongs to a lower class nature. Robert was only a youth, it is true, but instinct and his training had taught him the principles of right and wrong, the equality and brotherhood of man, and the supremacy of God. The Factor was all for number one, which, put in other words, means that he was exceedingly selfish. Robert, while he believed in standing up for his own rights, thought continu-

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ally, as we have already learned, of others' privileges and was ready to respect them. He had realized during his comparatively brief connection with the Company that if he were to progress it could only come through using a spirit of goodwill, a spirit which would treat the Indians justly and would love them.

The following morning, as directed, Robert called again on the Factor for further instructions. Evidently the older man had recovered some of his assurance during the night, for he began again in the same domineering tones, directing the lad as to his relations to the Company and the Indians. Robert let him do most of the talking and listened respectfully. When he thought Donald had finished, however, he addressed the Factor pleasantly but firmly, something as follows:

"I realize, sir, that I am under a contract and that you doubtless hold a copy of the contract, which has come from the Company's headquarters. If this has not come to you I have a copy with me, calling for the best services I can give for a term of years, and will be glad to have you read it. I want to do my full duty, to use my strength and my opportunities for the term of that contract in the best interests of the Hudson's Bay Company."

When Donald replied that he had a copy of the contract, Robert spoke again:

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“I wish, then, that you would give me instruction as to my duties. If you will not think me bold I should like to make a suggestion. Of course I do not pretend to know anything about the Company’s business, though I have seen something of the territory surrounding the Fort and of the Indians. I believe that if you would give me Pete as a guide and would turn over some entirely new territory to me and let me deal with one hundred Indians, or whatever number you think is necessary to get results from such a territory, I would be willing to stake my future with the Company on the results. I believe the work will speak for itself.”

Donald saw immediately that he had been treating Robert in the wrong way. He realized now that he was dealing really with a man, and a man in whom there was wisdom and courage as well as physical strength. Maturity of mind was also apparent. It was evident that Robert’s words were not spoken in any ordinary way. There was a depth and earnestness to them that the Factor in his more confined nature could not understand. He realized that new territory must be opened up if the yearly output of furs from the Fort Garry district was to be increased, and the suggestion appealed immediately. Even with this, however, he was somewhat reluctant to start such a lad in new territory and to give him

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control over it. He promised Robert that he would consider the matter.

One difficulty which lay in the way of carrying out this suggested plan was the accident which had befallen Pete. The Indian was shortly able to hobble around on crutches, however, and was apparently making good progress toward complete recovery. Robert was surprised and also delighted a morning or two later when he was again summoned to the office and informed by the Factor that his suggestion had been adopted, that a new territory would be given to him, and that with the assistance of Pete and one hundred and fifty Indians he would be allowed to try his hand. It was not thought advisable, however, that the season's operations should be begun for at least a month or six weeks' time, since the Indians, who usually came to the Fort to be outfitted for the season's trapping, had not yet begun to come in in sufficient numbers. This turned out fortunately for all concerned, for the intervening time was spent to good advantage. Pete, as well as being a good guide, was a good judge of Indians, and since he was at once taken into Robert's confidence he played his part well in selecting the Indians who were to make up Robert's party. And this was not by any means an easy matter. While the Indians of the district were, perhaps, as reliable as any in the Canadian North-West, they were Indians, which



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meant that they were only half reliable, and since they had been handled by previous employees somewhat along the lines suggested by Factor Donald, the results of their labors had not been very satisfactory. Pete made his selections carefully, however, aiming to get men of a good type physically, who could at the same time be expected to respond to just and fair treatment.

With the choosing of the men and the making of the necessary preparations the six weeks passed rapidly, and one morning the party to cover the new territory was drawn up outside the fort. With Robert and Pete and the Indians were half a dozen dog-sleds with their snapping teams of huskies. On the sleighs were piled the season's supplies. When these had been exhausted the sleighs would be used to carry back the furs. Pete had seen to it that some of the Indians were familiar with the new territory, and these naturally were given a leading place in the party.

This was a big moment in Robert's life. It was really the starting-point of his experiences in his new life. From this time onward he was to carry the burden of the responsibility of his party, and this was fully realized. Robert was pleased when Factor Donald condescended to come out and bid him good-bye, to wish the party good luck and a safe return.

The trip of three or four days to the new territory

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again gave Robert some new experiences. He learned for the first time what it meant to travel through snow with a dog-team, and learned to admire the ease with which the Indians got over the snow-laden trail. Here again Pete was a comfort and aid to him, not only with timely suggestions and advice, but also in the handling of the Indians, who even in this early part of the season showed an unacquaintance with discipline which did not bode strongly for the success of the expedition. When the allotted ground was reached the men were distributed according to a method Robert and Pete had planned so as to most adequately cover the territory. Numbers were prepared which were drawn in turn by each of the Indians, and as the location of the ground corresponding with the number was reached the one who held it dropped from the party when his limits had been defined. Robert and Pete located their camp as near as convenient to the centre of the district with a view to visiting each trapper as often as possible during the winter, to keep tab on the work and to give necessary encouragement or discipline.

Then the real labor of the season began. At first the Indians were inclined to take matters easy. Like others, they misjudged Robert by reason of his youthful appearance and believed that it would not be difficult to take advantage of him. They soon

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found, however, that underneath his kindliness lay a characteristic determination such as they had not found very often, a characteristic which enabled him to see that each man did his duty so far as he could. Pete, again, had his part in this. He knew the hearts of the red men. He had helped some of them when they had been in trouble, and he knew that, contrary to the belief of many white men, if his brethren were treated kindly and justly they could be counted on to do their part.

It wasn't an easy task, this one which Robert had set for himself and Pete. Those of us who know something of camping will appreciate some of the difficulties. Leaving their own camp, with the thermometer a score of degrees below zero, they made their way, sometimes with a dog-team, sometimes on snowshoes when the snow was too deep for the dogs, from camp to camp, waiting until the Indians returned from their circle of traps. Here encouragement was given, there admonishment. Here a man had to be dealt with severely, there a word of praise cheered another on to further efforts. Many and many a day the two travelled forty to fifty miles on foot. Many and many a night they slept without other protection than a clump of bushes or a snow-bank. Never a night went by, however, but that Robert got on his knees for at least a little time before going off to sleep to say a word for the God

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he served. When circumstances permitted a fire he spent a few minutes with his Bible, though reading was difficult with the varying light of the crackling branches. This had far-reaching effects, for after one or two rounds of his men their respect for Robert became so great that almost without exception the trapper with whom they spent the night listened attentively and bowed with the lad and Pete when the time came for the evening devotions. It had its effect in another way, too, when the red men appreciated what influence this sort of thing had on Robert's life, and that it had a great deal to do with making him the courageous, just and kindly youth he was. They realized that he was a man whom they could safely follow and appreciated that he could be counted on to repay in full their best efforts. Thus it was perhaps not surprising that new life was kindled in the men. They were being treated as they never had been before, and the ingathering of furs was most encouraging.

Robert was delighted with the splendid skins which came to view on his rounds. Particularly pleased were the Indians when they were able to show him a black or a grey fox, skins which, in those days, though not so much as now, were highly prized.

For five months this strenuous life continued. Then, as the trapping season began to draw to a close, each Indian left his camp, tied up his furs with

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his blanket, and met at a previously decided point for the return journey to Fort Garry. Robert and Pete had gained some idea during their winter's travelling of how the work was going, but the success of the party became more in evidence as the red men gathered together. The success of Robert's policy was at once noticeable. Not one of the Indians but had had a successful season. The hardships had been borne cheerfully, largely because of the fact that unusual encouragement had been given, and it was a happy band which made their way back to Fort Garry. How successful this policy had been was only demonstrated when the trappers from the other districts had brought in their returns and when the final checking showed that this band had more than doubled the efforts of any similar band in other districts. As can be imagined, Factor Donald was exceedingly well pleased, and he made his pleasure practical by inviting Robert and Pete to dine with him in the Company's offices. In addition to this he had a special dinner spread for the Indian band in their own camp in the Company's quarters. This experience had taught Donald a lesson. It was being forced into his understanding that these Indians had worked with an energy and with a spirit which had not previously been seen among the Company's trappers, because they had been handled with a spirit of

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kindly interest and had been treated as brothers rather than as slaves.

After the success of his first winter it was not surprising that the following year Robert was given charge as a sort of Sub-Factor of all the trappers sent out from the Fort, and while they were gathered at the Company's quarters he talked to them night after night before the various expeditions started, throwing into them the same spirit he had been able to give to his band the previous winter. The men who had been out with him did good missionary work also. They told of his treatment of them, how interested he had seemed to be in their work, of his cheerfulness under difficulties, and how he had worked just as hard, if not harder, than any of them. Lastly, they did not forget to tell of the prayers and the Bible reading, which had seemed to have its own effect. This year, too, new territory was again opened up. More Indians were employed, and, as a result of Robert's efforts, the season was very much more successful than any had been previously. All this was, as may be expected, very pleasing to the Company's officers at headquarters. Fort Garry, from a condition of backwardness, had jumped in two years' time to one of the most profitable posts in Canada. Donald, of course, was given credit for the improved conditions. As a matter of fact, the greater part of this was due to Robert and

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Pete. However, efforts of this kind cannot long remain unnoted, and from various sources other than Donald something of the lad's part in these successful operations found their way to headquarters, and after a little time he was placed in a position of further responsibility and with an increased wage. As he had anticipated, back in his Orkney home, his efforts had not been in vain. Thus far efficiency, reliability and faithfulness to duty had been his watchword. Coupled with this was the continued thought of helpfulness to others. While his promotion was naturally very pleasing, he was not ready to accept this as entirely the result of his own efforts, and in consequence made a strong plea with the Company's Factor on behalf of his friend Pete. At first Donald demurred, but the young man had made his methods and his policy so successful that his plea finally carried, and ultimately a letter was written the head office, not only recommending an increase in Pete's salary but also that all the trappers be given a larger allowance for the furs they brought in. Robert waited for the year which necessarily passed before a reply could be received, and then the long-looked-for letter came which agreed to the increase, largely by reason of the splendid returns which had been made by the Fort Garry trappers.

The increased pay worked wonders. Those who had seen the Indians at work previously thought that

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they had done about all that could be expected of them in the first year under Robert's supervision. The red men realized, however, that in addition to the kind treatment they had been receiving their efforts had been duly rewarded in a financial way, and they worked in consequence as Indians had never been known to work before. Pete, too, was naturally very much delighted at the reward which had finally come to him for his faithful service. However, it had another effect. Although Pete was still hearty and able, he was getting along toward the age of seventy, and the severe hardships he had undergone, as well as the accident he had suffered when guiding Robert to Fort Garry, had begun to tell on him. With the Company's allowance he had sufficient to retire from such active duties as had been keeping him engaged for so many years and to take life easier. Thus, after a time, Robert was forced to part with his first and best friend of the wilderness. Pete did not forget the principles of right living Robert had taught him by precept and example, however, and became something of a missionary among his Indian brothers.

Robert spent two more seasons very successfully in the Fort Garry district, and then realized one day that the old contract under which he had enlisted in the Company's service was no more binding. And with the realization that he could be free if he

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wished naturally came new thoughts and a new outlook. Robert felt that he had a good deal to be thankful for. During the four years of his experience with the Company he had not been ill for a single day. He had had many narrow escapes, through which he seemed to be guided by an unseen hand. The life, too, seemed to exert something of a fascination over him, and he had grown to regard the Indians very highly for the good qualities which were apparent when they were properly treated. Other thoughts, however, came to him at times, since he still forwarded half of his pay to his parents in Scotland, it was only natural that he should think of them at times, and sometimes touches of homesickness came to him, feelings which those of us who have experienced will appreciate took more spirit and character to bear than other kinds of illness. While his mind wandered off and across the sea his thoughts turned, as a real man's ideas will, to other things, and at times he dreamed dreams of a real home such as he might expect to have some time in the future where he would have a helpmeet who would be sympathetic and whose burdens he might have a chance of sharing.

CHAPTER V.

STIRRING ADVENTURE IN THE NORTH.

NOWADAYS two brothers in the Canadian West who had any esteem for one another could communicate in several ways and would probably write each other very frequently. It was natural that at times Robert's thoughts should turn to his brother Will, but aside from occasional stories which came to him through the Indians and other employees of the Company, no definite word had been received. Once or twice, it is true, he had written to his brother, but in those days and in a country so vast there was no certainty of mail delivery, and it appears probable that the letters were never delivered. The same conditions prevailed in regard to other youths who had made up the original party from Scotland.

In his fifth year in the new land, at a time when such an arrangement would be convenient, Robert secured leave of absence with the idea of travelling north to visit his brother. He journeyed by foot and by dog-sled to one of the northernmost forts, fully twelve hundred miles from Fort Garry, finding occasional news of his brother as he passed from fort to fort on his journey. When he arrived at his

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brother's headquarters, however, he was told by the Factor that Will had been sent on a prospecting tour into new territory. Robert was anxious to follow his brother, and would have done so had he not been assured by the Factor that it would be a practical impossibility to reach him, since Will had already been away two months and was expected to be away fully six months more. While Robert was sadly disappointed his trip had not wholly been in vain, for he learned from the Factor's lips, as he had not been able in any other way, how successful his brother also had been, how his services had been appreciated by the Company, and how through heroism, faithful service and obedience he too had been given due promotion.

On his way back to Fort Garry Robert ran into an experience which again showed his mettle. Following along the trail late one afternoon he was held up by a band of about two hundred Indians who, for some reason, had started on the war-path. The moment the white man was seen he was surrounded. At first he thought he would have no difficulty with these men, presuming that he could handle them as easily as he had done his own Indians in the Fort Garry district. In a moment or two, however, he saw that these natives had no respect for the white man. He knew from their faces and from the glare of their eyes that they meant anything but friendli-

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ness toward him. It was useless to try to escape. He laid down his pack and stood erect, facing the leader with a fearless and undismayed look, and as the painted red man approached Robert stepped forward with outstretched hand and smiled. The chief was nonplussed. He had expected a craven attitude, and was so surprised that he clasped Robert's hand and was forced to return the straight look in the eye which the young man gave him. His surprise was more manifest when Robert addressed him in a language very similar to his own, explaining where he was going and why he was on the trail at that time. After a moment or two of conversation Robert was able to gather enough information to learn the name of the chief and know the nature of the band. It was part of a roving tribe which had made itself a terror in the northern districts and which had accounted for the fate of many a trapper. Robert knew well what he might expect if he was not able to get the situation in hand. His faith did not leave him, however. He sent up a prayer to his Heavenly Father for aid which he well knew was needed, and felt God was nearer him than ever before. For a moment, perhaps, he felt physical fear, but then he got himself together and knew that with God's help he was master of the situation.

Robert did his best to convince the chief that his errand was peaceful and that he should be allowed

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to proceed without being disturbed. After a moment or two the chief left him, apparently to consult with some of the other savages. To keep hold of himself under the strain Robert untied the pack which was lying at his feet, ate some of the pemmican which largely made up his supply of food, and stepped toward a fire which was burning to one side, hoping to get the attention of the members of the band. Perhaps by reason of the novelty of the situation, or possibly because they were forced to respect the manner in which he carried himself, they listened while he told the fierce-looking warriors of the Great Spirit on high who had come down to be in the midst of them and who was close by his side. For a minute or two he went on with his story, trying as strongly as he knew how to change the hearts of the savages, and while he could see that an impression had been made on a few, most of them were still sullen and apparently anxious to carry out their earlier intentions.

While he had been talking to them he had been watching them carefully, as he had learned before he had to do with Indians, and finally he noticed one giant warrior gradually making his way to the rear of the band. Suspecting treachery, he suddenly shouted at the Indians in a voice like thunder telling them that the Great Spirit was by his side and that if they dared to injure him they would suffer. Then

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with a sudden turn he faced the red man who was at his back and who was ready with upraised knife to spring on him. As the Indian leaped Robert caught his wrist with one hand and with the other grabbed the savage by the throat in a vicelike grip and held him right over the blazing fire until he writhed with agony. It wasn't easy for him to do this. While outwardly he was stern his heart was tender, and he felt toward the Indian as a father to a child. He realized, however, that if his life was to be saved a stern example must be set. After inflicting pain over the fire for a moment or two, while the rest of the tribe stood off, in awe that a white man could so control one of their mightiest warriors, he threw the savage on the ground to one side, from which the Indian leaped quickly to his feet, and without looking around ran off down the trail. Apparently he had been forced to believe Robert's story that the Great Spirit was in league with him. With the disappearance of one of the number in this fashion the remainder of the band vanished quickly, and in a moment or two Robert fell on his knees and thanked his Heavenly Father for the help that had been given him in this time of stress.



JR SEAVEY

THE BEGINNING OF A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-MILE JOURNEY WITH A TROUBLESOME PRISONER.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW DUTIES LEAD TO LARGER TESTS.

WITH Robert's return to Fort Garry a new incident, one which was to lead him into unexpected and far-reaching new paths, developed. When he returned to Factor Donald he was informed that a dangerous criminal had been captured and brought to the fort, and that it was to be someone's duty to deliver the offender to Little York, on the shore of Lake Ontario. It is perhaps easy to understand why Donald had selected Robert as the probable guide. He knew that the young man could be depended on in every way. He knew that the journey would be a long and trying one, and knowing something of the prisoner, understood just what would be demanded of the leader of the expedition. Had he known that his choice would mean the loss of his most helpful assistant he would probably have risked placing the prisoner in the charge of some other employee. However, he was responsible for the safe delivery of the criminal to the authorities at Little York, and he intended that, so far as possible, his duties in this regard should be fulfilled. The journey under these conditions, as could be anticipated,

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did not appeal to Robert. He had liked his work of the past winters, and he was anxious to go ahead with his Indians to carry forward the Company's interests. When Donald told him, however, what would be expected of him and that he would be serving the Company just as directly in this way as in the other he made no protest, and while the outlook for the long trip with a companion who could not be congenial was anything but pleasant, he felt that he must be true to his duty, must obey the orders given by his superior, and agreed to assume the responsibility.

When he got a chance to look at the prisoner a little time later he appreciated more of what the situation meant. The criminal was over six feet and built accordingly. Apparently he had roamed in the wilds until the effects of civilization had been lost on him, and he was now more like an animal than a human being. However, Robert had undertaken to do the job and he intended to carry it through. Preparations were made for the long journey of more than fifteen hundred miles, and good-byes were said to the few trappers and Company employees who were not already in the forests for the winter season. A surprise came to Robert when he was invited to take dinner with Factor Donald the last night before his departure. While he knew that this man had appreciated his work he had never

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been able to get under the Factor's cold attitude. This last night, however, proved that the young man's character had won a place, for Donald spoke to him as he had never done before and said good-bye to him almost tenderly.

By this time Robert had become an expert dog driver, and he was not displeased when he was given a team of the finest huskies owned by the Company. His prisoner, with hands and feet securely fastened, was placed on the sled with the provisions and necessary supplies. The man had refused to walk, saying he would rather freeze first, so that there was nothing to do but transport him in this fashion. Everything went well the first day. The dogs, being fresh, travelled well, and the prisoner, although he had not been informed of the party's destination, did not cause particular trouble. He was sullen and refused to talk, but, pinioned as he was and tied to the sled, was not in a position while the party was travelling to be the occasion of much disturbance.

The first night in camp with such a prisoner was not a particularly pleasing incident. Robert had made up his mind during the day, however, to try the same tactics on his prisoner as he had tried with the Indians the first winter of his experiences in the North-West. He prepared as good a meal as was possible under the circumstances, partially loosening him so that he could eat without difficulty, served

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him first, and gave him every consideration that was possible. The man's nature, however, was very evident. He remained sullen and vicious, and when he did speak punctured his sentences with oaths, which told something of his thoughts and the kind of a life he had been living. Apparently, too, he had misread his man, thinking that because his guide was youthful in appearance that he could be browbeaten and made afraid.

After supper Robert made his prisoner as comfortable as possible. While the chains were still left upon his ankles, they were loosened so that he could take short steps and yet could not walk at all rapidly. Then Robert heaped up the fire and, following a decision made earlier in the day, thought it would not be safe for him to go to sleep, but sat by the fire and after a little time assumed the attitude of sleep. At the same time he watched the prisoner from the corner of his eye. After a little time he saw the man glance at him carefully and slyly, and then noted that he was working himself into an upright position. A moment later the chains on the man's ankles rattled and like a flash the villain was on his feet and moving toward the fire. It was well for Robert that he had been watching, for it was evident from the man's eyes that he intended to give no mercy. When the man was almost on him Robert jumped up with his gun in his hand and faced the surprised villain.

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"Get back!" he cried. "I have tried to treat you decently, but I see you do not appreciate it. You won't have another chance either at me or to escape while you are in my charge. It will be a grind and a fight from here on."

Following this policy Robert watched his prisoner continually. During the day he loosened his bonds sufficiently to let him get the necessary exercise, but took good care that he had a weapon at hand conveniently while he was doing so. At night he chained him more closely so that he could not rise alone. In this condition he was placed by the fire so that he would not freeze. For the first night or two Robert had gone without sleep and intended to do so, knowing that his prisoner must be carefully watched, so long as he could.

With the hardships of the trail, however, he soon learned that he must have the requisite sleep to make him fit for travel the next day. He was careful, however, to keep some of the dogs between the prisoner and himself. By this time the huskies had begun to respond to his kind treatment and he knew that he was not likely to be disturbed.

Robert thought he had learned something about snow and cold in the North-West, but as the days passed by and he began to journey along the north shore of Lake Superior he found an unusual situation. For several days the sun seemed scarcely to

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show its face and snow fell day after day without let-up. The cold, too, increased in severity, and with all this the travelling was becoming very hard, and as they came into heavier wooded sections another danger appeared. Occasionally during the day Robert had seen skulking wolves following the party at a little distance, and as these increased he knew that the packs were hovering about in considerable numbers. At night, while they were resting, the young man had little fear, for it was easy to build huge fires, which he knew would keep the animals at bay. Again, he was little troubled for himself or his dogs, but he was disturbed for his helpless prisoner, whom he intended to deliver, according to instructions, at Little York.

With this came another trouble. While the dogs had been going splendidly, the continual travelling in the deep snow had been very trying, and with the added weight of the prisoner this condition was accentuated. Finally the dogs refused to go further. Robert did his best with the splendid old leader, who in his turn tried to pull the team through the huge drifts, but his efforts were without avail. The idea occurred to him of reasoning with the prisoner, but he concluded that such attempts were useless, since the villain continued to return only oaths for his kindness and had apparently made up his mind to make his escape if the opportunity ever offered itself.

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There was apparently little of the human in this man. He would not respond to kindness in any form.

Robert prepared camp for the night, hoping that a rest would fit the dogs for another day's travel, and this time the animals were given special care. As he measured out their food his thoughts flew back to his old collie dog in his Orkney home, and he remembered how anxious that animal had been to serve him. He realized that not only did the success of his expedition, but also that his own life depended on the dogs and that it was almost more than could be expected that the animals could cope with conditions such as they had met with the last few days for very much longer.

Another morning came, still without the sun. The sky was heavy and black and snow continued to fall. Around the little band every twig, every branch, was carrying its burden of white crystals. The cedars, balsam and spruce, as well as the larger pines, were dressed in robes of white purity, and the less sturdy of these were bending low under the weight of their mantle. Another day of struggle brought them somewhat nearer their goal, but again the dogs became excited, and when the expedition stopped for the night Robert noticed that the wolves were nearer than they had been before. The next morning when the time came to start out it was found that two of the dogs were unable to go further. They had done

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their best and more could not be expected from them. Robert then had to perform a painful duty, for it was necessary to put these faithful brutes out of their misery. To somewhat counterbalance the loss of this pulling power everything that could possibly be gotten along without was taken from the pack and left behind. They travelled slowly, but kept moving on and on through the deep, newly-fallen snow.

In this northern region at this season of the year the days were exceedingly short, and since it was impossible to travel after dark the hours of struggle were comparatively brief. After another day or two Robert was convinced of the necessity of still further care in regard to rations, and the prisoner was informed that his allowance would be cut in two. His only answer to this came in curses, surely an evidence that there was little of tenderness in his make-up. At nights the dogs were buried deep in the snow, asleep. The prisoner could sleep well, but while the sternness of the struggle made some sleep necessary for Robert, the difficult situation bothered him a good deal and made his sleep anything but regular. He was worried, for instance, over the outlook, wondering whether it was at all probable that the duty he had undertaken would be fulfilled. He was worried by the constant aloofness and sullenness on the part of his prisoner, and he was worried

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again by apprehensions as to his powers of dealing single-handed with the wolf pack, which he knew was daily becoming bolder.

One afternoon, as he stood by the huge fire of burning logs which he had gotten together to keep the wolves away during the hours of darkness and which it was necessary for him to replenish from time to time, his thoughts drifted away from the troublesome ones which usually impressed him and involuntarily, it seemed, he began to plan for the future. Then, in a moment, as he stood looking into the flickering flames, an attractive face, of a type which he thought would be ideal as a companion in life, as a loving helpmate who would make life worth while, appeared to him. Perhaps it was not surprising that thoughts of this kind gave him new determination, and he decided at the moment that if he was given the strength to reach Little York with his prisoner he would resign from the Company's employ, would build a cabin for himself and look for a sweetheart, one whom he could love and help through life's journey and who would love him and help him in return.

His dream met a sudden interruption. The wolves had been more troublesome than usual that night, and occasionally, as he had seen their eyes gleaming in the circle outside the campfire, Robert had made good use of his shotgun. Suddenly, with howls from

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the pack, one animal larger than the rest made a dash straight for him and in his own way called to the others to follow. Fortunately, Robert's gun was ready, and the first wolf fell in his track. Here again came into play the stamina and the self-control which had been bred into Robert in the island home and which had been developed during his years in Canada. An ordinary man, or one less experienced, would have flunked under the situation, but Robert kept cool and made certain that whenever he was able to fire the shot would have the expected effect. Finally, when two or three animals closed in and he could not handle his muzzle-loader quickly enough to be of further service he used a huge, burning brand and, swinging it around his head in fiery circles, drove the band back from the little camp. After this he built up the fire freshly, and the new blaze served to keep the animals away until day dawned.

The next day the struggle was resumed, and in spite of the difficulties, in spite of the cold, in spite of the protest on the part of the dogs and the prisoner, mile after mile was gained on the long journey. The day had been quiet so far as storm was concerned, but in mid-afternoon the sky suddenly turned black until the heavens seemed dropping to earth. Then, as the little party passed out of a patch of woods, howls were heard as though coming from

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everywhere, and Robert realized that the pack of the night before had been largely reinforced and that he would have to meet another testing period. This time he knew that the situation would be more trying, and with a view to getting what help he could he threw the harness from the dogs, knowing that they would defend themselves bravely. He looked to the prisoner to see what aid could be expected from him, but again the character of the man showed itself in his face, since abject fear was stamped thereon. He was desperately afraid. Robert knew, however, that if it came to the worst this human brute would be of some service, and in his sense of justice he knew that the man should be given a chance at least to fight for his life. Besides, he had undertaken the duty of landing the prisoner alive at his destination, and he readily understood that unless every possible effort were made in the present crisis it was probable that his duty would not be fulfilled. The prisoner was rather surprised, and for once a spark of gratefulness came to his eyes when the chains binding his arms and hands were removed and the axe placed beside him. Robert placed his back to a tree where he could watch the prisoner and at the same time keep the wolves from surrounding him.

He was ready just in time, for the hungry animals, with hanging tongues and fiery eyes, seemed to be

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rushing in from every direction. Crack! went the young man's gun, and as quickly as he could load and fire a wolf fell. No bullets were wasted. Every one told. Don, the old leader of the dogs, took his share in the fight also, challenging the leaders of the pack and taking a place directly in front of the young man. On and on the animals came, pushing one another forward, climbing over the bodies of those which fell at the shots from the gun. After a minute or two of fighting old Don went down. Robert was in process of loading. He jammed the charge to the bottom of the barrel, drew out the ramrod and fired into the middle of the pack; then seeing that his leader must be saved and that time could not be wasted to re-load, he dropped his gun, grabbed his axe and waded into the pack, swinging the weapon right and left. The prisoner for once was proving himself useful. This time he was fighting for his own life. He knew what the outcome would be unless he bore his share of the responsibility, and he showed that he knew well how to swing an axe. Wolf after wolf fell from the blows of the heavy weapon. In one instant, when he had felled a wolf at one side, another sprang for his throat. Robert had been trying to watch the man out of the corner of his eye (for he knew he could not trust him) while he had been struggling with the wolf pack, and had his opinion as to the strength



"WOLF AFTER WOLF FELL FROM THE BLOWS."

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and ability of the prisoner in a country of this kind confirmed. With seemingly more than human strength the huge fellow tore the wolf from his throat and threw him back among the others, at the same time administering a blow of the axe with the other hand to another which had pressed in on him from the right.

For minutes the struggle continued. Don and the other dogs fought valiantly, but the numbers were overwhelming, and looking around him Robert saw that the members of his team were helpless, most of them lying dead. At the moment he did not realize the situation, but had one been looking on the impression gained would have been decidedly grim. The clothing of both the fighting men had been badly torn. Gashes had been made in various places on their bodies. Their hands were wounded and bloody. Robert, however, was as full of fight as ever. Finally there came a headlong rush of the wolves, which with difficulty was beaten back, and then a lull. Half the pack had been disposed of and the remainder apparently had not the courage to continue the struggle. With tails between their legs they one by one withdrew to the shades of the forest.

When this danger was over Robert was sure from the glint in the prisoner's eyes that he was face to face with a new one. While the man could only move slowly on his feet, he took up a threatening

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attitude. Robert had been prepared to thank him for the part he had taken in the struggle, and even in the face of this threat held his temper accordingly. Advancing toward the prisoner, but keeping out of reach, he asked him calmly to submit to having the irons placed on his wrists again. The answer came back quickly and viciously in the negative. With an oath the villain said :

“I have been fighting for my life. I will fight you now for my freedom. It is up to you and me to settle our accounts.”

Decision came to the young man like a flash. Before the fellow could move he grabbed the handle of the axe with a grip of steel and at the same time dealt the man a crack on the chin which laid him for the moment helpless. While the giant was unconscious the irons were again fastened on his wrists, and while he was returning to consciousness a fire was kindled in a section of the wood removed from the scene of struggle, to which he was dragged and made as comfortable as possible on a blanket. When he came to Robert was eyeing him steadily, and when he saw that his man could understand him he said, firmly :

“I am sorry I had to punish you, but you know yourself that it was necessary. If you will behave yourself the rest of the way I will treat you kindly; but you will be watched, and if you try any tricks



"YOU'RE A COWARD, AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE TREATED LIKE A COWARD."

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like that last one on me you will get your deserts just as you did that time. You may think you are a strong man, but you are not a brave one. You're a coward, and you are going to be treated like a coward."

The night was spent at this point in the woods, and Robert rose early to try to size up the situation. During the night two of his dogs returned to him. One, while somewhat injured, was able, after a supply of food was given him, to do part of his share of the work with the sled. Before leaving the place Robert could not resist the temptation of going to have a last look at the old leader, Don, who had fought so bravely for his master in the struggle of the day before. With these thoughts naturally came a remembrance of his old dog back in the Orkney home, and this led to thoughts of his mother and father and brothers and sister.

When the start was made Robert saw that he was face to face with assuming most of the burden of drawing the sled. The two dogs were of some little help, but without Don to lead them they needed continual attention. Again Robert made an appeal to the prisoner, suggesting that if he would behave himself and would travel ahead of the sled the chains on his feet would be removed. The only response, given as usual in foul words, was that not one step would be travelled. Robert saw then that the pris-

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oner expected and hoped that he would collapse and that thus freedom would come to him. The fellow's calculations were wrong, however. He did not know the endurance of the lad, nor did he realize that there was a heart within this young body which did not know defeat. After he had cut down still further the load of supplies, Robert strapped the prisoner still more securely and then, putting the dogs ahead of him where he could use the whip when necessary, he got himself into the harness and started on again.

Then, as so frequently happens when men struggle against difficulties and when the crisis seems to be past, nature seemed to smile and give her aid. The sun came out again and played with its rays on the mantle of snow. With the moderating weather and the heat of the sun the snow packed better, and this made the drawing of the sled much easier. During the day, also, two or three deer crossed the trail and a fortunate shot brought a very welcome food supply. Just in time, too, for the provisions were almost exhausted. This incident impressed Robert, as had not occurred to him before, with the generous provision God had made for man in the forest solitudes. He understood, as he had not done previously, that a food supply was generally ready and that it only required man's own efforts to secure what he needed.

With the more favorable weather, too, and with an instinctive feeling that he was approaching civili-

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zation, Robert began to appreciate something of the bits of nature in this new district. As another day or two passed they began to travel through almost unbroken forest, rough and rocky sections where the trail, though better than it had been before, showed occasional signs of travel. Animal life, too, began to be more frequent, and although it was winter time almost every foot of the trail showed traces of animals, small and large, going about as instinct directed.

For several days the sled with its heavy burden was drawn along the trail. As the days went by Robert anxiously consulted the map which had been given him by Factor Donald, and while it was difficult to follow this with any accuracy, he knew by certain signs that he could not now be far distant from Little York. One day two Indians were encountered. Robert had no wish to meet strangers, and particularly Indians, until his prisoner was safely landed at the destination. Therefore, when he saw that they were not members of any tribe he was familiar with and realized that in all probability their language would be different from that to which he was accustomed, he tramped past them without stopping. He saw how carefully they eyed the prisoner, but finally they passed by without commenting.

After another day the prisoner was surprised when Robert did not make the usual halt for camp in the

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evening. The moon was full, and after such supper as could be prepared the young man kept on through the night with only a short rest as the light became dim during the early morning. On the following day plainly-blazed trails leading through the yet unbroken forest of pine and oak monarchs such as he had not previously seen were met with, and here Robert stopped, resting, to look up at these huge giants of the forest towering to the skies. That afternoon a log cabin was seen. Robert realized how a lone pioneer had blazed his way into the forest solitude, how he had hewn out a home for himself and his loved ones in the heart of the forest, and at the moment there returned to him his dream by the camp-fire in the north-western district, and he wondered and renewed his determination to go into the forest shortly and to build such a cabin for his future home. He would have liked to have visited the cabin, from whose chimney a welcoming smoke appeared, but with him duty was always first and the landing of his prisoner safely was uppermost in his mind. After a few minutes' rest he started onward with quickened pace, and since the trail seemed to furnish a downward slope the way from this on seemed easier.

The following morning Robert noticed further signs of habitation. He passed here and there strips of clearing, and about noon came out of the forest.

NEW DUTIES LEAD TO LARGER TESTS

After the several days travelling through the unbroken sweeps of woodland it was like entering a new world, and coming over the crest of the hill Little York lay below and in full sight. His goal was reached. As his eye swept over the hamlet below him, the largest centre he had seen since leaving his Orkney home, he saw the bright coats of the soldiers standing out against the snow as they paraded on guard along the fort to the west, and he noted also the windmill standing at the edge of the lake to the east. Beyond a stretch of water to the south lay a barely-wooded sandbar.

Naturally, some little attention was attracted and comment was made as the strange party passed through the streets which, to Robert's eyes seemed unusually busy. Several tried to halt him to inquire his business, but as always duty came first, and only stopping to inquire the way to the jail, he passed on without hesitating. His charge was soon landed in custody and his responsibility for the prisoner turned over to the jailer.

Only when his responsibility was removed did Robert realize what a burden it had been. His task had been a most trying one, but he had certainly done his part manfully in dealing with the prisoner. While his patience had been tried in every way, he had been as kind as reason could demand. His great desire had been to kindle a spark of love in the pris-

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oner's soul and if possible to raise him from the bestial spirit which seemed to possess him. While he had failed in this he knew that he had done his duty, and as he stepped from the jail with his responsibilities in this incident and to the Company ended he felt as though a huge burden had been removed from his shoulders. After finding comfortable quarters he made his way to the Company's representatives, deposited his papers and received the salary due him. Then, without further consideration, for it will be remembered he had made up his mind in the matter, he wrote a letter of resignation and in it thanked the Company for its kindness. At the same time a letter was sent forward to his mother and the loved ones at home telling something of the experiences of the last few weeks. Thoughts of them brought remembrances of his old friend Sandy, and, while he had no idea of the sailor's whereabouts at this time, another letter was addressed in care of the captain of the old ship, in the hope that it would finally reach the sailor friend. This done he went to his room and for hours slept the sleep of one who has won and who has an easy conscience by reason of having gained a victory by doing his full duty.

CHAPTER VII.

SANDY'S VISIT HOME.

UP to this time we have been following Robert and his brother almost completely. It will do no harm, however, to leave them for a little time and to hark back to another home in the Old Land.

Robert's influence on Sandy, strengthened by the heroic rescue, was a lasting one. Many times during the return journey the old sailor longed for the companionship and the sturdy manhood association of the lad he had learned to regard so highly. With these thoughts and with his changed life there naturally came into his heart feelings and longings he had not known for years, and with these came a renewed love for his home and parents and a longing to see his dear old mother again, an experience which he could not remember since he had left home in the first place. When the ship docked on her return journey, therefore, Sandy was not long in breaking his long-continued connections and in starting for the old home. He was wise enough to realize, however, that his mother would scarcely like to see him as he was, and out of the savings of his pay a new outfit of clothing was bought, and with a clean shave

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and his hair trimmed he took the quickest way he knew of getting home. On the way his misgivings were many. He had not written home for over thirty years, and since his mother did not know of his whereabouts it had been impossible for her to write to him. Had he known how his mother had longed for a letter and how his father had tried to cheer her when no news of their boy was forthcoming, he would not have been so indifferent; but, like a good many boys, when he got away from home these things did not trouble him much, particularly when he was busy in new experiences which took up the greater part of his time. His home lay well up in the Highlands, and, on the stage journey, over and over again his thoughts went back to the day his mother said good-bye to him, and he wondered with a good many doubts whether she would still be alive. On the way, too, he remembered that this was the first journey of any length he had made on land since he had left home, and this remembrance was emphasized when he missed the rolling of the sea and was made very uncomfortable by the bumping of the stage over the hilly roads. He missed, too, his old friends among the crew, with whom he had associated for so many years, and who in spite of their roughness had become like brothers to him.

Wishing his visit to be a surprise he left the stage a little distance from the village, and walking toward

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home along the neatly-kept road he was surprised at first to meet many people whom he did not know. Some of the younger folk, it is true, appeared to have something familiar in their faces, but for a time he forgot he had been away for thirty years and that no one would be likely to remember him. Finally he came to the turn in the old, familiar road and began to climb step by step up the old hill leading to the old, familiar cottage. He remembered as well as if it were yesterday the fun he and the other boys had with their sleds on this hill, and with this came in a flash vivid remembrances of the homespun clothing and the warm mitts his mother had made for him. He remembered again, too, the kisses which had been given him as a little chap when he came back from his sleigh-rides to be cuddled up in front of the big fireplace. As he came up over the brow of the hill his step involuntarily quickened and his longings increased. For the moment he forgot all about his forebodings, and it seemed that he couldn't quickly enough get to the old home to clasp his dear old mother in his arms and to look into his father's eyes.

Now he was able to look down into the little valley on the other side of the hill where the cottage stood. Yes, it was still there. The same old thatch roof came into view, though more moss had gathered on one side than had been there. A few minutes later

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he came to the gate between the low walls and looked up the path leading to the door of his boyhood home. Then his fears came upon him again with a rush. The old gate had fallen down, the hinges falling away from the decayed posts. Along the path where his mother had in his boyhood days carefully looked after the flowers, weeds were flourishing. The climbing rose over the porch, which he remembered so well, no longer bloomed. He waited for a moment, half expecting that his old dog would run out as he used to in former days to bark him a welcome, but the place was quiet with the quietness of a deserted spot. The door of the old home was open. For a moment he hesitated, with his heart in his mouth. Then with a hesitation which he could not understand, he walked in and looked in vain for the smiling face which had been framed in the doorway and for the outstretched arms which formerly had gathered him into them. Half-dazed, he looked through the broken window in the back of the room, as though he expected to see the familiar form of his father in the garden, but no one was there. The silence and loneliness was complete.

Then Sandy spent one of the bitterest moments of his life. Great tears ran down his cheeks, and with bitterness he reproached himself for having forgotten one of the most precious gifts this earth gives a man, a loving, patient mother and a kind, careful



“FOR A MOMENT HE HESITATED, WITH HIS HEART IN HIS MOUTH.”

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father. Then, kneeling for a moment in front of the old fireplace where, as he remembered now but had forgotten so long, his mother had taught him in the old days to say his prayers each evening, he made a resolution that with God's help he would not disappoint his parents again, but that he would be true to his mother's prayer as she had told it to him in the note enclosed in the old Bible, and would live so that he would be ready to meet them in a better land when his time came.

After a little time, Sandy realized that his regrets could do no good now, and putting them so far as possible behind him he left the silent, cheerless home and made his way again to the little village. Stepping into the little postoffice, his heart was gladdened at once by the sight of the postmaster who, though up in years, was still young in heart and spirit, and here at least was one person who remembered him, for he was recognized at once and was invited to stay over-night. Then, when the postmaster's duties for the day were done, the old veteran, who had known the history of every family in the village and throughout the surrounding districts, whose duty it was to keep a record of the births, marriages and deaths, told Sandy something of the experiences of the past years. The old man thought that it would not do the wandering son any harm to suffer a little, since he did not then appreciate the

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extent of Sandy's repentance. Many and many a time he had been touched when he had seen the sadness and disappointment on the face of Sandy's old mother when he had been forced to tell her, "No, there is no letter to-day." Often he had been asked to go over the mail again, just to see if he hadn't possibly missed a line from the boy, Sandy. Had he known Sandy's address, he himself would have tried many a time to get in touch with the wandering son, but, of course, he had been just as helpless as the mother.

Far into the night the old man talked to the sailor, telling him purposely how week after week during the thirty years of his absence the old mother had come, hoping against hope for word of her son, and he said, "It hurt me to have to send her back every time with a heavy heart. She was a good mother though, my boy. Never in all those thirty years did she speak an unkind word of you. Her thought was always that Sandy was a good boy and will be a good man, that he would write if he could." Then the old man went on, even more pathetically: "The last time your mother walked to the office, Sandy, I knew she would never return. She knew this also. The way she lingered, the way she longed for a letter, all told plainly that it would be her last call, and after she had gone up the road a little piece she turned and came back again to ask me if a letter



" NO LETTER FROM SANDY."

SANDY'S VISIT HOME

came that it might be sent on to the old home. Your mother lived for you from week to week, Sandy," he said, "and her life clung to the hope of a letter. At last her strength was not great enough to be told again, 'There is no letter from Sandy.'"

The old man went on further, though he saw that the tears were now running unrestrainedly down Sandy's cheeks. "The love your mother had for you has made a better man of you," he said. "I do not believe she could have walked home that last day if I hadn't told her that possibly for some reason we didn't know you were up in heaven waiting for her. She looked at me so earnestly then and her tears flowed freely, as they did often, and finally she said:

"'I hadn't thought of that. Sandy must be in heaven or he would write me.'

"After that she left the office with a lighter step and with even a smile upon the face that before had been cast down." After a little, when Sandy managed to get hold of himself again, he was told how his mother had been laid away in the old village churchyard five years before. Also that his father had followed her in the next year, and then the old man said:

"There is no one, Sandy, to put up a stone even, to mark where they are laid. You know how poor we all are here. Some of us would have done it if

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we could, but we had our own loved ones to look after."

While it added a good deal to his pain, Sandy felt that it was only his duty to visit the little churchyard the next day, and there he was shown the graves of the parents who had loved him so long and faithfully. Glad he was then that he had brought with him the pay he had received from his last voyage. A stone such as he knew his old mother would have been proud of was ordered, flowers were placed on the graves, and every mark of respect arranged for. Even so, Sandy felt in his heart that this did not begin to atone for his neglect for the long years gone by, and for many months he stayed in the village, talking with those who had known his father and mother, keeping the flowers fresh on the graves in the churchyard, and trying to feel himself back in the old home. After a time Sandy went back to his seafaring life. When his old shipmates saw him they exclaimed at the wrinkles in his face and wondered what had happened during his absence to make him look so much older. At first he said nothing, but in the midst of the voyage, when the long roll of the sea or the roar of the wind brought back memories of his experiences with the heroic lad Robert, he told to some of his mates the story of the pain which had come to him during those months in the old home in Scotland.

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Sandy lived like a real man for the rest of his life. He was strong and true and clean. He read his Bible and as best he knew he tried to follow the path laid out for him, so that some day he would be sure of meeting his father and mother, when the great call came, in the place where he knew they had gone already.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOPES REALIZED AND THE JOURNEY ENDED.

A YOUNG man with an intense love for nature, who had heard and answered the call of the wilderness, who knew the silent places, the forest giants, who associated with the birds and the rippling streams and revelled in it all, could not be content even in the little town which York was in those days. If Robert had lived to-day he would not have been content to spend his life in the heart of a city. He would have been an engineer or a surveyor or something which would have taken him out into the mountain solitudes or into the forest. He would have loved to struggle with the elements, to have studied nature's moods and to have watched her ever-changing pictures.

Early one morning a youth, now grown to twenty-one years and more stalwart and sturdy than when we first met him, started out with a good-sized pack on his back along what was known as the Mississaga trail. In his pack was his all, a tent and an outfit to allow him to live in the forest. This was arranged so that he could make his home where night over-



"ONE MORNING A YOUTH STARTED OUT ALONG THE MISSISSAGA TRAIL."

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took him, pack up again by daylight and start on again. He wasn't on a trapping expedition this time, however. When the lad had left his Orkney home four years before he had had a definite purpose in mind which had stayed with him steadfastly during the intervening time. The main thing he had come to Canada for was that some day he might have a home of his own and be in a position to help those whom he had left behind. His mind was filled with pictures of the log cabin he had passed on his way to Little York, and he was setting out now to search for a suitable location so that the picture might be materialized. The Mississauga trail ran westerly along the lake shore from Little York in about the same place where the Toronto to Hamilton highway now provides passage for thousands of motors. How different the scene was then, however. Nowadays we sweep along on this concrete pavement as luxuriously as in Pullman cars, at twenty to thirty miles an hour. Robert passed over the trail, which was not by any means so straight as the highway, and up and down the hills, which at that time no one ever dreamed would be smoothed up by engineers a hundred years later, slowly though steadily, all the while on the lookout for a location for his home-to-be. His ideal included several things. First of all he wanted his cabin on a height so that he could have a commanding view of the water such as had been so great a

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delight in his boyhood days in the far-away Orkney home. He wanted a place, too, where he could have nature's hills and valleys—glens with the wooded giants which he had learned to look upon for protection and to furnish the fuel which he knew was so necessary in the Canadian climate. Robert's eyes were brighter than they had been during his journey from Fort Garry a little time before. He had nothing now to worry him. His responsibilities were light. His mind was full of plans and hopes of the finest type for the future, and as, during the hours which passed he formulated further plans, his face lighted up again and again with the joys of anticipation. Again, his notice was attracted by the splendid forest trees all along the trail. He thought of the value these magnificent trees would show if they could only be taken across the sea. Little did he imagine, however, that years afterward his own son would be engaged in just such a business, having these knights of the forest cut, dressed and transported to his father's old home. Perhaps reasons which Robert did not appreciate and which he could not understand were driving him through the forest trails. The ordinary young man would have wanted to stay in the town where such life and liveliness as were known in the new country were evident. Robert had liked life in Little York, some of which appealed to him very strongly. For instance, he had





"HE COOKED HIS SUPPER OVER THE FIRE."

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not seen a white woman since he had left his Orkney home until he walked around the streets of the village the day after his arrival. It had been a pleasant experience to associate with good men and women who talked his own language and who liked to converse about matters he was familiar with across the sea, but underneath his longing for the comforts and pleasures these conditions offered there lay a spirit and a longing which drove him unwittingly out on the trail.

As he passed along he occasionally met Indians. These seemed better men physically than those he had known in the West, but their dialect was entirely different and they were not able to understand him when he tried to speak to them. He wanted to know the conditions of the country, whether there were settlers ahead of him, where the type of location he had in mind was likely to be met with; and when he kindled a fire, after pitching his tiny tent, and stood looking into the coals, after his plain and humble supper had been prepared and eaten, when the thoughts of his ideal cabin and his prospective home occurred to him, he seemed to see dancing in the shadows a girlish figure beckoning him on. With this came pictures again of the interior of the cabin, with a warm fireplace where he could sit during the long winter nights and where happiness would be supreme, where the maiden would be the queen of

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the home and where he would be the king. So engaged was he with these thoughts that he did not notice the fire was dying down until the howling of wolves was heard around him, and with this the snarling of the wild cats. Quickly the fire was kindled anew, and with his feet toward the blaze he lay down to enjoy pleasant dreams.

In the morning, as he passed along the trail, he began to come into pleasing sections, and here and there he cleared away the snow between the trees and chopped into the freezing earth to examine its quality. He was in no hurry, because when he had located and erected his cabin he wanted to be finally satisfied. However, he knew from the size of the timber and the abundance of the forest growth that the land where he was standing would, if cleared, grow splendid, golden grain. Occasionally, too, he saw another cabin, which told him that pioneers were selecting locations in the district. As the trail approached the lake he saw log cabins on the other side of a clearing, and looking over the tops of the trees from a hill he noted a sweep of sand across a narrow section of the lake, with a good-sized bay beyond it. He was gazing for the first time at what we now know as Burlington Bay. He liked the situation, perhaps for one reason because it was more like his Orkney home than any part of the country he had travelled previously. He decided

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that somewhere in the district would be the ideal spot for his home and for a time, because he wanted to be careful and satisfied about it, he scouted through the district. As he went a little further west he discovered a section of rolling land, of hill and dale, very much like his island home in the Orkneys. Climbing one of the higher hills he found a commanding view of the bay and also found a spot where a cabin could be built amid the beauties of the forest. Amid the silence the ripple of water came to his ears, and walking a little distance down the hill he came to a spring of pure water rising out of the earth as cold and clear as crystal, so that even the winter's frost could not prevent it flowing freely. He was satisfied. He knew in a moment that his search was over. He had discovered his idea for the future, for the home of the queen of his dreams.

Next morning Robert lost no time in beginning to carry out the practical part of his dream, and here again was put in practice some of the training he had received in the wilderness in the Hudson's Bay Company's employ. He selected a score or more of the forest giants in the vicinity and went to work to fell them. During his short stay in Little York he had made himself familiar with the principles used in building these useful log homes and consequently knew exactly what to do. For two or three weeks he was engaged in squaring the logs and cut-

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ting them to the proper lengths, and finally, after having made arrangements with a few of the nearest settlers, he was able to get his home together. Robert had a bigger outlook than the ordinary settler of that day. For instance, his cabin was built twenty by thirty feet, which was considerably larger than those which were usually erected. He made it one and a half stories in height and provided for a living-room with two comfortable bedrooms on the first floor. Needless to say, he did not forget the fireplace in one end of the living-room, and as this was constructed he saw pictures of the splendid fires that would be found there in the future and which would cast a cheerful glow throughout the cabin. Again, other settlers had been satisfied to build their homes from the timber most convenient. Robert had chosen for his walls oak logs and the roof was covered with shingles of split oak. Through all this he thought of the queen of the home he had not yet met, who in the future was to occupy this cabin home with him. Day after day he continued to work. Every crack was carefully chinked. The log floor was hewn as smooth as hard muscle and skill could make it. He remembered that someone else would have to keep this floor clean in the days to come, and he wanted it as smooth as possible so that this duty would be light.

The home itself finished, his attention was turned

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to the preparation of furniture, for in those days the pioneer had no opportunity of sending an order to the departmental store for everything he wanted.

In all this, of course, Robert was thinking primarily of the queen of the home-to-be, but provision was made as well for a welcome for the chance stranger, for he intended that hospitality of a true kind would be one of the features of the new home.

With these labors the winter had passed and summer was rapidly approaching. The sun was growing warmer each day and the generous mantle of snow was slowly but surely disappearing. Glancing occasionally down toward the bay through the little clearing which came as a result of his efforts during the winter, Robert noted that the ice was breaking up. A few weeks later the ground seemed to be alive with spring flowers all around his cabin, and the young man's heart was full of joy and gladness in the results of the successful working-out of the early part of his plans. The birds, too, were plentiful and continually told their story of gladness in their own way.

In spite of his happiness, however, he had a continual feeling that something was lacking. At times he was lonesome. He wished to share his good fortune and he felt that he would not only be happier but that he could do better work if he had someone to work for—someone to share his happiness. When

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the evening came and his work was done he would sit in his cabin with his face in his hands and gaze into the glowing ashes of the fire that had been used for the preparation of his evening meal. He longed to hear the light step on the floor behind him. He longed for someone in the cabin to call him by his name. At first his struggles with the trees had been new and had kept him busy. He had found it exciting to chop away into the heart of one of the giants, to watch it tremble and then start faster on its downward journey, this to end in a final crash. But this had become commonplace. The camp-fires, the old tenting-places, the rippling streams, the forest with the birds and flowers, were all right in their place; but now he had become a real man there was a place in his heart for something bigger and stronger than any of these. Sometimes he felt that he had been very foolish in completing his cabin without making some provision for the one who was to share it with him, but again he felt that all in good time the lack would be provided for. Finally, as he sat in the cabin thinking his usual thoughts on a Saturday evening, his mind turned toward conditions in his old Orkney home, and he realized fully the real home that had been. He saw, as he never had before, that the light of that home had been mother. It was mother who kept the family waters calm. It was she who had lighted the spirit of love which had

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illuminated that old home. In the midst of these dream-fancies he was brought from his thoughts of the loved ones across the sea with a start when it seemed that suddenly a maiden's voice called to him, clear and sweet, saying: "Robert, how is it that you are here alone? I have been dreaming too, and I have heard a call that was borne to me in the whispering of the wind, in the branches in the trees, by the song of the birds as they fluttered through the forest. These have been singing songs of love to me, songs full of hope and cheer to which my soul responds. Let me light up your life. Let me have a share in your heart."

Robert was at a loss to understand the vision, but he felt that it was real. Naturally his last few years of life in the heart of nature had made him a believer in the spirit world, and while he could not understand nor explain the circumstances of the message which had come to him, he felt that there must be a reason for it. He felt, too, that it was an evidence that some of his longings were to be answered and, as can be anticipated, he went to sleep that evening very happily.

This feeling persisted when he arose the next morning, Sunday, and as the sun rose clear and warm and threw a golden gleam of light through the forest he knelt in a fervent prayer of thankfulness. When he sat down to his morning meal he

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did not forget also to give thanks for his food, for he realized that he owed all to his Heavenly Father for guiding him to this verdant spot and for helping him up to this time, and with his prayers his hope was kindled anew.

That morning, for some reason which he could hardly define, Robert felt an impulse to follow some unaccustomed paths through the forest. He had made visits to his neighbors along the trail back to Little York, but had been so busy that he had not followed the paths in any other direction. This time impulse moved him to travel north-west, and after he had covered about five miles he met a newly-blazed trail leading away from the main pathway. Perhaps it was curiosity, perhaps it was impulse which led him to follow this, but after a little time his heart suddenly jumped in his throat, and he felt himself quivering with more hesitancy than he had felt even when he was face to face with the Indians in the far North-West, when he heard a girl's voice clearly and sweetly singing a morning hymn his mother had sung back in the old Orkney home, evidencing a love for the Great Father on high. As he listened he knew that the voice was approaching, and peering through the trees he finally caught a glimpse of the first woman he had seen in the district. It was not surprising that to this youth, who had scarcely seen a white woman, much less spoken



"WITH A PRAYER OF THANKFULNESS IN HIS HEART
ROBERT GREETED HER."

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to one since he left the old land, the voice should seem like that of an angel from heaven or as sweet as the birds that sang among the blossoms in the trees. Naturally the last thing Robert wished to do was to alarm the maiden, so he walked slowly in her direction, looking through the trees as though he had not seen her. In a moment, however, the young woman caught sight of him and stood motionless, waiting for him to approach.

In these days, when we live under the restrictions of social usage, the matter of the first meeting of a youth and a maiden is usually a somewhat formal one. Usually, too, anything but serious matters are discussed on such an occasion. Conditions were different with these two. Here was a youth who had scarcely spoken to a woman of his own class during the years since he had left his father's home, a boy. Now a man who had established his character and had made considerable of a name for himself in a new land, he was having his first words with a maiden, who likewise had had little to do with men of her own age and who latterly, outside of the members of her own family, had not known what it was to mingle with young men. With a prayer of thankfulness in his heart Robert greeted her, and while he knew all in a moment that this was the maiden of his dreams, he was practical enough to note the beauties of face and figure and also to see

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that the young woman of the forest was dressed in a becoming, if simple, new gown.

In her turn also the young woman was experiencing feelings which had heretofore been unknown. She too had had dreams. She too felt that in this young man whom she had by chance met so appropriately that Sabbath morning lay the realization of her visions, and, as happiness such as she had not before known came to her, it suddenly seemed that all the songsters under the skies had gathered in the trees about and were now singing their sweetest songs for them. The girl's cheeks were fair and perfect as a rose. Her sparkling blue eyes seemed to Robert as brilliant as stars in the heavens. She was indeed for him the forest queen. For a moment they looked into one another's eyes with an understanding which surely was suggested in realms above the earth, and then naturally, if somewhat shyly, she invited him to her home, noting that it was just a mile further along the trail. "Father and mother would welcome you courteously, as all the people in the district do."

Robert had always been very much at home in the forest. How he walked had not bothered him very much, but as now he stepped along the path with her whom he knew to be the queen of his heart he felt very awkward. But, as they passed along the trail and talked of the flowers, the birds, the trees and the

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beauties of nature, the mutual sympathy which was soon very evident shortly remedied any feelings of diffidence either of them had, and both felt that the other was surely a kindred spirit. Arriving in a little time at the cabin door, the maiden invited Robert to enter, explaining a little diffidently, "This is a stranger, mother, whom I met on our trail." The mother's hand was at once extended and in her eyes shone a welcome which Robert knew to be sincere. After a moment, when the mother inquired his name, he suggested somewhat casually, "If you would please me, madam, just call me Robert." Accepting the suggestion as it was meant, the father, in a matter of fact way, in his turn remarked, "Well, Robert, where did you come from? Are you settled down around here?"

A few moments sufficed to make Robert feel heartily at home. Very soon he found out that the father was the son of a United Empire Loyalist who had left his home in the United States when the rebellion against British rule occurred thirty years before and made his way up into another section of Canada. The son, when he had married and when his family was beginning to grow up, had started out to find a fortune in this new district adjacent to Burlington Bay. Robert learned also that within a few miles of him in another new district there were a number of other loyalist families. He had heard

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stories at home of the sacrifices made by these splendid people and was very well satisfied that he had been directed to cast in his lot among them.

One of the many things Robert had been taught at home was that to be a good conversationalist one must be a good listener, and although he had done very little talking since he had come to Canada he remembered his parents' advice, particularly at this time when he was anxious to make a good impression in the home, and for a time he sat listening attentively and showing a deep interest in the conversation. The father in turn was greatly impressed with the young man. He liked his open countenance and his modest and unassuming manner and, with so attentive a listener, he was moved to tell a good deal about the early experiences of his father's family in the United States and of the journey north from New Jersey. Had he known of the adventures through which the youth had passed during the last few years, how his endurance and pluck had been tested to the uttermost, he would have considered his experiences hardly worth telling about.

In the meantime the young woman, with several others of the good-sized family of boys and girls of the home, had been busy preparing dinner, and shortly this was announced. What a dinner it was! To us who are used to several courses, cooked under most convenient conditions, it might not have seemed

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so appetizing, but to Robert, who for several years past had been doing the most of his cooking himself and had lived most plainly, it surely seemed a banquet, and truly it was wholesome and abundant. To the young man, who had been living largely on dried meat and flap-jacks, a boiled dinner of cabbage, potatoes and meat, tastefully seasoned, cooked to a finish, with an inviting-looking pudding and a well-filled plate of cookies, all served on a spotless tablecloth, was surely a treat. Then it all seemed so much like his mother's cooking that it was with difficulty that the tears were kept from running down his cheeks. It was but natural, too, that the mother of the home reminded him in many ways of his own dear mother.

The afternoon passed all too quickly, and when he felt that he must go Robert said good-bye with a heart so full of love with the world that it appeared to be brighter to him. The grass was greener, the birds sang more sweetly, and even the path under his feet seemed softer than when he passed that way before. The maiden of the home came to the door with him, after he had said good-bye to the others and after the mother had given him an invitation to visit them often, and had given him a firm but gentle grip of the hand which sent a thrill to his very soul. When their eyes met as they had done that morning a look of understanding and appreciation passed

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between the two which told Robert more than words could have done.

Robert's head was held a little higher than was usual when he walked to his cabin that evening. Here was the answer to his hopes and his prayers of the last few weeks. His helpmate was now within reach, and what a helpmate his newly-found love was! On Monday morning he entered on his conflict with the forest with a new spirit. He had worked hard before, but now he worked with a definite object in view. Land must be cleared to grow food and to provide for the support of his bride, and as his sturdy muscles drove the ringing axe into the trunks of the trees, with every blow the words seemed to ring through his heart, "It is for her." Again at times he would pause for a moment and listen, and then there seemed to come to him, faintly ringing through the forest, the notes of the hymn he had heard so sweetly sung the Sunday previous. He appreciated, too, the fact that something more than his own sense had been guiding him along the trail that Sunday morning, and often during the week he was on his knees in thankfulness for the blessings that had been given him.

You chaps who have been through something of the same circumstances will appreciate how hard it was for Robert to stay away from the newly-discovered cabin even for a week. Every evening when

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his day's work was done, even though he was tired enough to drop, he felt an almost unbearable impulse to walk the few miles which separated his cabin from the other home. He felt, however, that the good impression he had made the previous Sunday should be preserved, and he tried to work all the harder so that the temptation would not be so strong. It was not surprising that he woke early the following Sunday, and it was not surprising also that after his few regular duties were done he was particular to spend some little time looking after his personal appearance. Clothes were not a matter of much import those days and his appearance was something which had not heretofore bothered Robert very much. Now, however, with his new experience was coming a new feeling that he must be worthy of his new-found love in every way, and also he was anxious to appear as well as possible in her eyes. The weather was threatening that morning, but the young man could not have been held away from the other home by iron bars. As soon as he dared he started off through the forest, and again the birds sang sweetly to him and the flowers looked specially beautiful, as they had done on the previous Sunday. Arriving at the cabin he found the door open and knocked with some little diffidence, stepping to one side and waiting for an answer. In a moment he was welcomed with a pleasant smile by the one he

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wanted most to see. She, too, had been spending some little time over her dress. Her rosy-golden hair was neatly coiled around her shapely head. Robert had learned her name on his previous visit, when her mother had addressed her simply as "Mary," and in consequence he greeted her naturally and simply with a "Good-morning, Mary," and in reply she called him just as naturally by his name.

This time, as was to be expected, Mary's father and mother were anxious to learn something more about the young man who had happened so curiously into their home, and the opportunity he had wished for but had not had previously to tell them something of his experiences was thus afforded. As simply as he could without emphasizing unduly his own deeds, he told them how he had left his home in the Orkneys with his brother, under contract with the Hudson's Bay Company, and something of his experiences since that time. Lest they should feel that he was boasting, he hesitated to tell them about the adventuresome happenings of the last two years. Rather he dwelt upon the people at home and talked of his mother and father and of the conditions there.

While he talked Robert's eyes followed Mary about the home while she, as a good housewife would, looked after varied duties. While perhaps he did not realize it he was interested in seeing what kind of a home was provided, and it was exceedingly

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satisfactory to him to see that everything was tidy and in its place. Evidently peace and love ruled supreme, and this was the kind of a home, where the parents of the children lived happily, where a man finds rest and where he learns to love and cherish the one who shares his daily duties. To Robert it seemed that Mary was the jewel of the home. He saw that she relieved her mother so far as she could with the household duties, and he noted also that she had been well trained to look after these as they should be done. With the realization of all these things the joy in his heart increased. Occasionally glances passing between them gave him further satisfaction because he felt that the feeling of kindred sympathy which had been evident on the day of their first meeting had continued, that they were both beginning to know what love meant. When they spoke to one another they continued to use the names Robert and Mary just as naturally as though they had known one another since childhood.

As the weeks passed these pleasant visits continued. After a little time, when Robert felt that he had made his position in the home known, he felt that he could make his visits more frequent, and after a little time, also, it became the custom for Mary to accompany him part of the way home when his visit was over in the early evening. Of course Robert came back when it was time for Mary to be

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in the cabin, and after lingering for a few moments to get a last glimpse of his sweetheart, walked away sturdily to his own cabin, dreaming of love and future happiness.

One of the pleasant incidents of the summer days was a visit Mary paid with her father and mother to Robert's cabin. They were surprised at its size, since it was even larger than their own home provided for the good-sized family it housed. Then, while Robert drew the father to the top of the hill to show him the outlook and also to give him an idea of the work he was undertaking, Mary and her mother, as they believed Robert would wish, examined the interior of the cabin. Again they were surprised when they saw all that had been done to make the place a real home. The neatness of the cabin, considering that it was looked after by a man, was unusual. They appreciated, too, the careful work the young man had done in putting together the furniture which was placed around the three rooms, and saw that he had made every provision he knew how for the partner who was to occupy the home with him. They all appreciated that this, too, was to be a real home, and the father and mother, understanding how sturdy was the character of the young man who had prepared it, had had little hesitation in granting his request when, a short time previously, he had come to ask them for their daughter as his bride.

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Between Mary and Robert themselves the utmost sympathy prevailed. It was hardly necessary to discuss the matter of an acknowledgment, for as they associated with one another during Robert's visits and walked together when occasion permitted, the kindredness of thought and feeling was so apparent that each knew their future was bound up in the other. It was a case where God had seemed to direct, where surely a guiding hand, stronger than man's, had been in evidence.

The wedding day was set for October 16th in the year 1819, and again nature seemed to be decked for the occasion. The forest foliage, while in a dull season, still showed bright hues. What wild flowers still bloomed in the fall of the year were used to decorate the table, and enough of these remained to provide garlands for the bride to wear. The wedding dinner was provided almost altogether by the newly-cleared land and by the animals which God provided in the district.

Simplicity prevailed everywhere in those days. There was no thought of a wedding journey. After the ceremony Robert led his bride slowly from her home to the new one. Over the trail they went quietly, thinking thoughts of the happy future; over the trail upon which they had first met less than six months before; and, as they passed, the spirit of love seemed everywhere, and in the peacefulness of the

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day there seemed to lie a promise of a peaceful and happy life for the newly-wedded couple. When they arrived at the door of the new home it was opened by the hand of him who was now husband. The cabin was entered, Mary tripping over the doorstep like a queen, and as Robert welcomed her, as he had never been able to do before, he realized that the cabin had now become a real home.

LOVE AND HOME.

No palace, house or cot can make a home;
Home must be made by love, and love alone.
Love can build sanctuaries in deserts bare,
Raise homes of peace and hope and loving care;
Sweet homes of freedom, where the worn may rest,
Safe as a babe upon its mother's breast.

Love is the mainspring; love, and love alone,
Supplies the sweets of life, the joyful tone
Which joys in living each and every day;
Love is the light which lightens all the way.
Until at last, when earthly love is o'er—
And then, behold, 'tis love for evermore!

Thus were Robert's early hopes and plans materialized. With that day came the fruition of most of his dreams, and as the days and weeks and years passed by and the fine spots in his character, the foundations of which had been so well and truly laid, developed further it was seen that they provided for a real happiness. Mary, too, had her part in providing



"THUS WERE ROBERT'S EARLY HOPES AND PLANS REALIZED."

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the peacefulness and comfort of a happy home. She was a true helpmate, and with the years there came to him the blessings that come in a home. Sons and daughters were given to them, fourteen in all, and while these brought added cares and responsibilities, they brought added joys. With the course of time Robert extended his holdings. After the first few years his land had been practically all cleared, and as his sons were born to him he was anxious that provision should be made for their future. He worked hard and introduced the boys also to a life of similar industry, though he and his wife were careful to give them such education as was possible in the neighborhood. Population also grew rapidly in the district, and when Robert's sturdy principles of character made themselves known among the neighbors various honors such as come to a similar type of man were given to him. He was a man of whom the district was proud, a man who accepted such responsibilities as were given him seriously, a man who was sure to see that things were done when they were undertaken. Robert did not escape difficulties. Even in those days business transactions were not altogether free from vexatious happenings, but he pursued the policy of honesty and straightforwardness which had been so carefully drilled into him by his father and mother, and by reason of this was always on the right side. People knew that his

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word could be depended on, that it was as good as his bond, that when he said a thing he meant it and that it was right.

Mary, in her turn, occupied a place relative to her husband in the community. She was a leader among the women, often going to the homes of her neighbors to provide what comfort and help was necessary in times of trouble and stress. She was always ready to give advice and help. Many and many a bride came to her for help in her difficulties. Many and many a young man was given good advice when making plans for his future.

Thus was happiness provided for and love ruled alone. For twenty-seven years the two journeyed along life's pathway happily and truly, and then, while Robert was yet a stalwart man and apparently in good health and strength, he was one day suddenly taken ill and received his call up the long, long trail which has no ending here on earth. It was a blow to him when he realized that the end had come, particularly when it came so suddenly and unexpectedly. It was hard for him to leave his helpmate in life. It was hard, too, to have to say good-bye to the home which had been so much to him. He felt, too, that he had a good deal in life yet to do, but as the end came near he seemed to appreciate that the One who called had more work for him to do somewhere else in a better place, and through his tears

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he answered briefly, "God's will be done." And as he journeyed on up the trail he did not go blindly, for the pathway was lighted up by the love which had been born in his soul as a youth and which by the faithful following of duty had been developed into a flaming torch which was to light him continually along the pathway.

One of the sturdy hero's hopes had not been materialized. It had been a deeply-impressed wish in his heart that some time the opportunity should be provided to return to his father and mother in the old Orkney home. In this he had been disappointed. His parents naturally had preceded him in death, and his life had been such a busy one that the considerable journey back to the old home had never been provided for. However, his wish did find realization in another way, for he found his father and mother waiting patiently for him when he reached that land "fairer than day" from which the call had come for him.

For forty years Mary, as Robert's widow, carried on his responsibilities, and with her family of fourteen these were by no means light. Never once did she flinch, however. As Robert had prayed with her during his lifetime, so she was now given strength to pray, and as she prayed she knew that her prayers were answered. She did her best to bring her children up as their father would have had them reared.

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When the time came she led them to the church in the neighborhood, and Sunday after Sunday, as she walked along the roadway to the church service, holding her children by the hand, she sang the same song which Robert had heard when he had first met her, back on the trail years before. When she had lived her life as God intended she, too, was called on high and was again placed at Robert's side to live together as they had done on earth, but in the happiness that is only known in that great land beyond.

HOW "KID" MADE GOOD

A STORY OF THE CANADIAN LUMBER WOODS

"WHAT are you doing here, Kid?"

This was the greeting that came to a lad of fifteen who, late one afternoon in the month of October, about thirty years ago, walked into one of the lumber camps which were then located along the French River in Northern Ontario. He was a light-haired boy with blue eyes showing a natural honesty beneath them, and with a bearing that would command the admiration of any real man.

The greeting came somewhat forcibly to the boy, particularly when it was given by Scott, the foreman of the camp, who was known throughout the district as a man who demanded the best from his men, though he treated them well in return, and the lad to whom he spoke was surely in touch with new experiences. To a boy who scarcely knew what hard work really meant, who through force of circumstances was forced to come up against work which was ordinarily tackled by physical giants, this meant new as well as trying experiences. It was a well-known fact that anyone who looked for employment in a lumber camp must become one of the crew and must

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abide by the well-defined though unwritten rule of those days of passing through the rather rough, but usually good-natured treatment, such as all green, first-year hands, were subjected to. This policy was followed in the belief, as prevails in a good many other institutions and industries, that the sooner a green hand got his bumps the quicker he would become a full-fledged hand. Charlie, the young man our story is concerned with, had found his way to what was known as Camp No. 2. Here Scott, the foreman, had seen many years' experience in the lumber camps and in driving logs on the most difficult water. Furthermore, Scott had gotten his early training under one of the hardest bosses that ever wore shoe leather—a man firm as steel and cold as an iceberg. Naturally he had absorbed a good deal of these qualities, but with all this he had a kindly spot in his heart, under a rough exterior, for the green hand who seemed to have in him the right sort of stuff, particularly if the new man were willing.

Probably Charlie would have chosen some other vocation had his circumstances been otherwise, but at that time and in that part of the country nothing else seemed open to him. Only a few weeks before, through the death of his father, the family's resources had been swept away, and when the mother and the smaller children had been left without support it seemed to the oldest son that it was his duty

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to get into something at once which would provide for them.

Charlie looked Scott in the eyes after his first query and replied that he was looking for a job. The answer to this was not assuring.

"Kids are no good in the forest," said the foreman. "And the best men have to hustle to hold their jobs in Camp No. 2. But you look tired, kid. I'll feed you and give you a bunk for the night."

For the moment Charlie was left alone and had a chance to look about him. Naturally he was interested in the approach of the crew, who, although they had just completed a hard day's work, seemed to be full of life and good spirits and pushed one another about, as it seemed to him, rather roughly. One man who had been near when the foreman spoke to the lad had heard Scott greet him as "Kid," and apparently, as was customary in lumber camps, a nickname like this was bound to stick. As the crew came to the Camp House two shrill blasts given by the cook on his long tin horn gave a warning to get ready for supper, and this man spoke up rather roughly:

"Get that turkey off your back, Kid, and roll up your sleeves for hash."

Five minutes later one short blast on the horn announced supper ready, and a stream of rough, though good-natured, men bolted out of the sleeping-

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camp and hurried to the door of the cook-camp. Every member of the crew carried his appetite with him. They took their seats in an orderly way, for the cook was always king in the cook-camp, and they well knew that anyone who acted in a disorderly way would be ejected, even if the services of the carving-knife were required. Scott, the foreman, had told the cook to put on an extra plate, so Kid was seated, and did justice to the wholesome meal, which, his first in the camp, was somewhat of a revelation since it supplied food in plenty, cooked to a finish and placed steaming hot on the table. After his long tramp during the day, with only a snack since breakfast, the meal was very welcome.

Supper over, Kid went back to the sleeping-camp with the crew, and here the strains of violins, mouth-organs and concertinas were soon blending with voices which seemed like the roar of lions. Each of the crew seemed to have his own tune and sung whatever was nearest in his heart. Suddenly a voice rose above the noise and din, calling:

"Sourdough, don't hog the whole camp. Give the Kid a chance."

Charlie was bewildered. Nothing of this nature had ever been presented to him before. He thought that he had seen rough-and-tumble play in his games at school, but the antics of the fun-loving lumbermen surpassed anything he knew. The black coffee,

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the pea soup, the pork and beans, and the bread "like mother makes," seemed to have added new fuel to the relentless energy in these forest giants. In addition to singing, they played jokes on one another and wrestled and danced. Old boots were flying through the air and suddenly one of these, which landed directly on Kid's nose, caused the blood to flow freely.

One of the crew, a swarthy giant who, with matted hair and whiskers, bore a good deal of resemblance to a grizzly bear and who, by the way, probably by reason of dissimilitude, had been christened "Babe," jumped up in the seat which ran around the edge of the lower bunks. Clenching his fist, he followed the direction from which the boot had been flung, and a warning was given that if further pranks were tried on the Kid he would smash the face of the joker so that his best girl would never recognize him again. All this was quite typical. There were many rough men in Camp No. 2 ready to act as protector to a lad like Kid. They liked the cleanness and manliness of his face, which also showed a stamping of determination indicating that he was brave enough to try to take care of himself when he had to.

After a moment Babe's eye rested on one of the crew who was in the habit of meting out rough treatment to green hands, and who had been famil-

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ially christened "Jumbo." At times Babe was quite ready to do his share of the hazing process also, but he realized that beside him was a lonely lad who had wandered into the camp without knowing what experiences he would meet, and under these conditions he was glad to become the boy's champion and ready to fight to the death, if needs be, for him. Jumbo, in his turn, did not particularly welcome being called to account before the crew by Babe or any other member of the camp, and in a moment he edged his way over to the side of the lad, and in a provoking tone remarked:

"Did you run away from your home, Kid, or did your dad kick you out?"

Babe, who had boys of his own, was a good judge of boy character, and looking down in Charlie's face he realized that there was something more in the situation than lay on the surface. Jumbo's insulting remark had cut like a dagger, and the boy's face bore a look of pain which at first could not be understood. Babe noted this, and acting on his instinct for protection, dropped his fist like a sledge-hammer in Jumbo's face and sent him rolling back among the crew.

In an instant the music and singing ceased. It was the lull before the storm. Jumbo gathered himself up and was getting ready to renew the attack when, like a flash, the door opened and in it stood

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a splendid specimen of manhood. It was Scott, the foreman, who instinctively seemed to have the faculty of arriving in scenes of this kind at the psychological moment. With one leap he was by Kid's side, and seeing the blood on the lad's face, he demanded the name of the man who had dealt the blow. Jumbo was no coward, and furthermore he had not intended to injure the lad quite so badly. He faced Scott readily, admitting that he had flung the boot, but protesting strongly against any intention of injury. Scott settled the matter characteristically and definitely by informing the crew that if any of them had not had enough to quiet their nerves for the night he was quite ready to accommodate them outside the camp, adding that men who threw boots about should be taught a lesson. His challenge was not accepted.

In a few moments the lights were ordered out, the crew threw themselves into the bunks and in a few seconds were dead to the world, and would remain so until their call would come at four the next morning.

Something in the lad's face and in the manliness with which he accepted the situation strongly appealed to the foreman, and linking his arm in Kid's he led him out of the door and over to his own sleeping quarters. A little later the boy told the foreman why he was looking for work.

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"Well, Kid," came the reply, roughly if kindly, "this is no charity camp, but I know the heart of the boss. We'll give you a fair chance to earn what you can for the support of your mother and the kids. I'll put you to work to-morrow, and you can roll in with me in my bunk to-night."

Scott threw off his outer clothing quickly and was in his bunk in a moment. Kid undressed a little more slowly, and when the foreman looked up in a moment he saw why the lad was waiting. He was kneeling beside his bunk. As he looked at the boy saying his prayers he was forced to acknowledge that in some ways the other was braver than he, since he was not afraid to do his duty as he had been taught. In that moment Kid had won the foreman's heart.

Long before daylight Scott was up to waken the crew. Kid was sleeping soundly, and since the foreman knew of the long tramp he had had the day before he let him sleep till the breakfast call. After breakfast, in firm but kindly tones, he told Kid he was going to put him on trial, that if he were of the right stuff he would make good.

"Put me at any work you think I can do, sir," the boy said in return. "Any money I get from your company I want to earn honestly. I couldn't accept charity from you or your boss while I have hands to work."

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In the woods Kid was glad to be put in the hands of Babe, who was one of the sub-foremen. At first he was naturally very awkward, but proved himself to be a willing hand, and although his hands were soon blistered, every muscle in his body ached, and he felt at times that his back would surely break, he applied himself faithfully and without a grumble. Naturally, as the days went by these conditions were remedied, and in a short time Babe was satisfied that the boy was going to make good. When, at the end of the first month, Scott inquired as to how he liked the work, his answer was: "Fine, sir. This is man's work, and that is what I wanted to do." At the time experienced men were receiving twenty-five dollars per month. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when Scott gave Kid a time-checke for twenty dollars for his first month's work he was delighted. He was glad to think that he was now doing a man's work and receiving a man's pay. Of course, the cheque went home to his mother with a letter full of good cheer.

It wasn't long until Kid, the youngest member of the crew, became a favorite in the camp. He was gifted with a beautiful voice, which was heard when he was at leisure in the forest solitude and at night when he sat in the camp and sang songs of home and mother. At times, too, he was brave enough to sing songs he had learned in church and Sunday school.

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and these were sung in such a way that, when they brought back early memories to the hardened members of the crew, tears came to the eyes of some of these swarthy men who, too, thought of their mothers and of Sunday-school days. By this time, too, the story of why Kid had been forced to work in the lumber camp had become well known. For a time Jumbo, who had been so drastically treated on the boy's account on that eventful first night, held aloof; but when he heard the story and realized how the lad must have been stung by his thoughtless remark that night, he walked up to him, offering his hand and saying heartily:

"Kid, if you're ever in trouble and want a friend, call on your Uncle Jumbo."

In December, the following month, Kid's time-cheque mounted to twenty-five dollars, and when he was being paid Scott informed him that he had earned every cent of it by working with a willing, cheerful spirit and by doing his level best, and that in this way he had been valuable even outside his regular work as an inspiration to the older members of the camp. This cheque reached his mother just before Christmas, in time to purchase a good many needed things and also to provide for a real Christmas, with a Christmas-tree and all the other accompaniments, for the little ones. In his turn Kid was delighted at Christmas to get a parcel of warm socks



A SCENE FAMILIAR IN THE LUMBER WOODS THIRTY YEARS AGO.



DRESSING A PINE MONARCH FOR SHIPMENT OVERSEAS.

HOW "KID" MADE GOOD

and mittens and a letter full of thanksgiving, in which the mother expressed her gratefulness to the men in Camp No. 2 for receiving her boy so kindly, and making special mention of the firm's thoughtfulness.

As spring approached even greater efforts were put forth in Camp No. 2. Scott, the man who never tired in doing his best for his employer, was like a mighty, silent force, appearing everywhere, apparently looking after everything grimly and resolutely. He had made up his mind to see all the logs at the river bank before spring set in, and the fairness of his treatment made every man resolve that he would do his part. Every night in camp stories were told of the number of logs cut and placed upon skids that day, and of the record loads hauled by one span of horses to the river. Each night the scaler handed in a report of the work accomplished that day to Scott, who, after going over these, lay down and slept the sleep which comes with the consciousness of a day's work well done.

Learning that there was a shortage of teamsters, Kid, who knew a little about horses, offered himself for this work, and accordingly was assigned to team supplies for the camp along the tote road from the railroad, about sixty miles away. In sending him out Scott cautioned him of the danger from the wolves, particularly at night, and told him that if he

THE MAKING OF A MAN

were caught out on the road after nightfall he was to stop and build a fire at the first howl. Failing time for this he was to unhitch his team, climb on their backs, and make the camp the best way he could. He was instructed, however, to provide against being out after night by leaving the Halfway house, thirty miles from camp, at daybreak.

Naturally, Kid planned to follow these instructions carefully, and on his first trip left the Halfway house even before daylight, but unfortunately, because of a heavy fall of snow during the day, was not able to keep to the anticipated schedule. When about six miles from camp darkness set in and he found himself alone in the forest.

Suddenly the howl of a wolf was heard. Following instructions he stopped the team and tried to gather birchbark and bits of wood to build his fire. It was cold, forty below, and doubtless the lad was cold and numb from the cold and frost when the wolves surrounded him. Probably, also, the team became frightened at the wolves, had upset the sleigh and got away. Since there was no witness to the tragedy no one knew definitely. At the time of the lad's probable arrival Scott ran outside the camp with a lantern and peered down the tote road. As time went by he became alarmed at the failure of the lad to arrive and suddenly, when he heard the dashing of hoofs and saw the team running madly

HOW "KID" MADE GOOD

as if chased, he understood that something unusual had happened. With two men and a fresh team he started back over the tote road, and in a little time found their fears realized. Coming to the upturned sleigh, they saw shadowy forms sneaking away into the forest, and a little further on, underneath a tree beside the road, which the boy had evidently tried to climb, were torn boots and some bits of tattered clothing. Probably the lad had climbed the tree, but in his numb condition was unable to hang on and had fallen, becoming a prey to those ferocious brutes. While the lumber-jacks were in some respects hard men and had seen accidents and somewhat similar things before, their regard for the boy who had proved himself a real man made tears flow from their eyes, which froze into icicles as they trickled down their bearded faces. There before them, written on the snow around their feet, was the sad tale of how the heroic lad had met his end in the forest, doing his duty. Scott appreciated what this side of the tragedy would mean to the lad's mother, fully realizing that she would appreciate how the lad had lived up to his duty, and would understand that God's angels had been there to claim the spirit of her boy and take it up to a better home than earth affords.

When Scott and his men returned to camp with the story naturally a gloom was cast over the crew.

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Next day, when the boss of the camp came in, he noted on the way the signs of the tragedy, and on making inquiries was told the sorrowful story. When told of the good qualities of the lad he was deeply touched, and leaving the camp the following day, he resolved to go himself to break the news to the Kid's mother, carrying with him a collection of over a hundred dollars which had been made up by the members of the crew as a remembrance, to which he himself added a substantial amount. He drove directly to the lad's home, and on his arrival introduced himself and handed over the purse intended for the mother. Then came a hard task for him. He talked for some time, but had difficulty in getting further with his story than the fact that the money was a gift from the crew of Camp No. 2. Beads of perspiration gathered on his brow. His face was strained, and the matter troubled him so much that he had almost made up his mind to leave without telling his story when the mother, noting the look of pain on his face, pleaded to know all about Charlie. The boss tried to speak, but could not utter the word which he felt would blast her hopes. Then, as she knelt before him and pleaded with him to tell her the truth, saying that she would be brave, and no further information came, she left the room a moment, later appearing with hat and shawl, and said, "Now, please take me to Charlie." Finally, and

HOW "KID" MADE GOOD

almost in a whisper, the boss said: "No, you cannot go to Charlie. His soul is in heaven."

After an agonized cry, the mother bravely got hold of herself and said: "Charlie's soul in heaven. 'Thank God. I can go to him there. I shall be brave and bear the cross, for I know that Charlie will be company there for his father. They were such chums here on earth."

While Charlie's face was absent from the camp, his influence was still present. Scott, for instance, knelt and said his prayers every night before he climbed into his bunk, just as Kid had done that first night in camp, and as he prayed for himself Scott tried to remember the mother and kiddies who had suffered from the loss of their son and brother. Many of the men in the camp, too, had been influenced in a similar way, and Camp No. 2 was a different place than it had been six months previously.

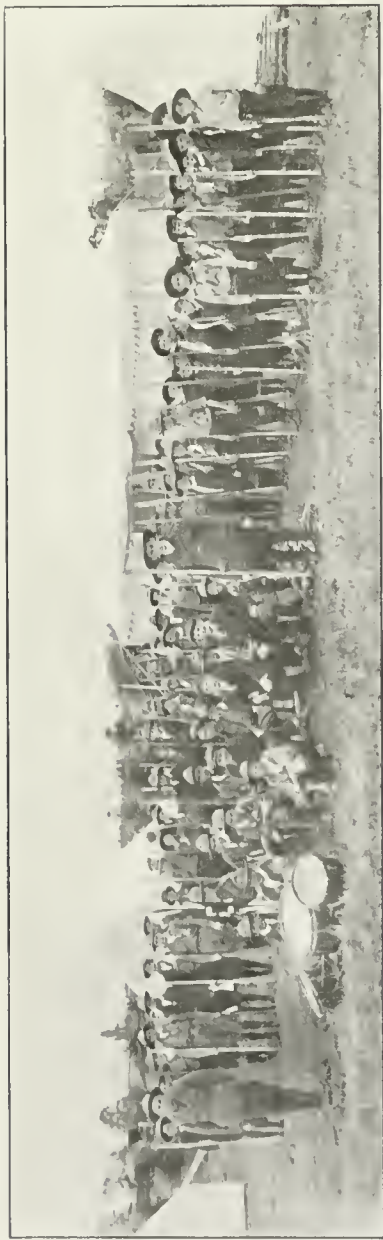
When the winter's work was completed and the men and teams were leaving their quarters, many a man turned to cast a last look at the camp where various joys had been known, where gloom had been shared by all and where trial and difficulty had been overcome. The procession of men, who through their experiences together that winter had become a sort of family, a brotherhood, wended their way along the tote road. Looking at them none could deny that these lumber-jacks were a noble breed of

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men. The sons and grandsons of pioneers, men of the north, conquerors of the forest, bound together by a chain of chivalrous deeds, of hardships and difficulties, they were doing their part in the building up of the future of a nation.

Scott was in the sleigh with the leading team. When they came opposite the spot where Kid had fought his last battle against the cruel forest conditions, a halt was ordered. The crew gathered around the spot and Jumbo, surprisingly, spoke first, saying: "So here's where the Kid fought his last fight. I hope he saw that I wanted to be his friend. I'd have liked to take a whack at these brutes myself, or to have taken his place. I guess he would have been worth more in the world than I'll be."

The procession passed on its way sorrowfully. Possibly never again would the spot be visited by one who knew the story, but in the years following the men who had been in Camp No. 2 that winter told at their firesides tales of a lad who had fought his battle and won, of the cheerful-faced boy who was man enough to face the world and the hard things in it to support his mother, of the young man who tackled a man's work and did it without a murmur, and who, above all these other things, loved God and was not afraid to acknowledge Him in his home and in the difficult conditions of the lumber camp.



SOME OF CANADA'S BIG MEN, GOOD MEN ARE HERE IN EMBRYO. YOUR DUTY, BOYS,
IS TO GET READY NOW FOR THE BIG OPPORTUNITIES TO COME.

AN APPEAL TO PLAY THE GAME FAIRLY

PERHAPS a word here from the experience of an older man than most of those who will read this book will be helpful.

In going through the current magazines and trade journals ordinarily read by young men and women, I am impressed by the fact that they seem to be largely devoted to pastime or for showing methods of accumulating wealth, and in most of these the latter seems to be termed success. After having seen a good deal of life in its various aspects I know full well that there is no success worth mentioning in the terms of dollars. While it is necessary that we work hard, and keep everlastingly at it; while it is essential that we be thrifty and look after what we earn carefully to produce the right kind of character, it is a fact to which those who have grown out of youth will testify if they are serious, that the dollars a man has do not leave any lasting record for him.

Character is all that lives. The kind words we speak, the helpful things we do, the service we give to others willingly, the sacrifices we make cheerfully and gladly for the good of mankind, are the things which really count, and these things it has been

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surely proved are the things which go to make up real character.

Suppose that you who are reading this are old enough to be face to face with the realities of life. Heretofore you have been living at the home fire-side, able to depend on your father and mother for help in your difficulties of whatever kind. It is as though your personal craft has been sailing on a calm mill-pond. Now you have come out of the mouth of the River of Youth and find yourself face to face with the great Ocean of Life. New responsibility will come to you. Difficulties that you did not appreciate will crop up frequently and you will not be able to turn to father and mother for help. If you are made of the right stuff you will not want to do so, but will want to sail your own course, and it is in doing so, and in getting through the storms on your own resources that will build up your character. It will be necessary to use courage, grit and determination in the battle of life. These are the things which will carry you through. But you will find that life and good fellowship when properly used will radiate themselves widely and make their influence largely felt. Let your words always be truthful. This is a bigger factor in success than most young people imagine, and if thankfulness for kindnesses received is apparent this will smooth the way a good deal.



“ MEN OF TO-MORROW ” AMID NATURE'S
WONDROUS STATUARY.

AN APPEAL

With everything else you must remember to play the game of life fairly. While it is only right to stand up for one's own rights and to hold to this principle firmly it is not at all necessary to try to shift responsibility to the other fellow. There is far too much of this in the world. The man who carries himself honestly, straightforwardly, and is willing to accept the responsibility for the mistakes he is occasionally certain to make is much more likely to be awarded praise for the good things he does than the chap who is continually trying to get out of difficulty by shoving the matter to someone else's shoulders.

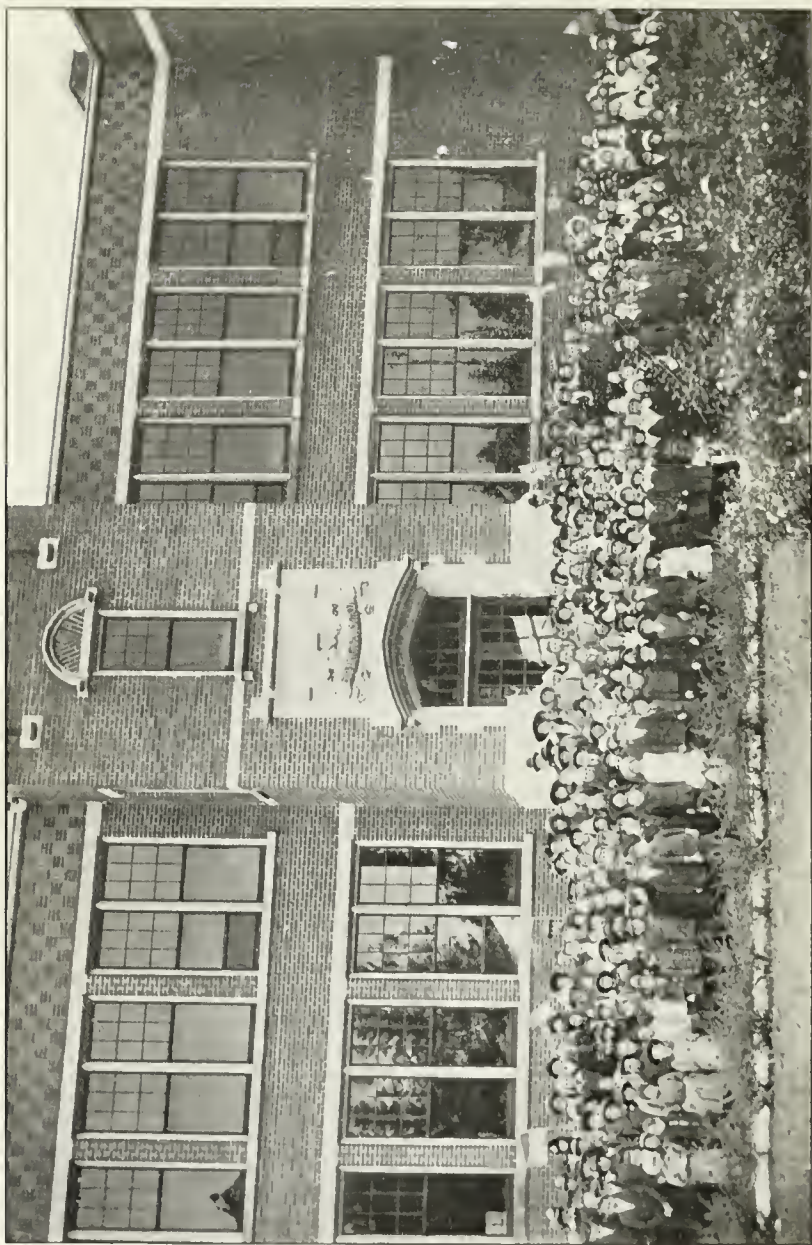
Keep in mind the fact that the real things of life are the ones to be worked for, and by attempting to work up to an ideal much better progress will be made. If God gives you powers to construct, to create, to organize and to develop, be mightily thankful and do your utmost to develop these powers. Any man can be mightily useful in the world if he will seriously take hold of the talents—be they one or twenty—God gives him and uses them as best he knows how.

And remember that it is largely the little things which make up the big ones. What you do every day, what you read, your thoughts, your words, your deeds, go to make up yourself, and as you speak and think and read and do now so will you be hereafter.

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If you are to win in the battle of life there must be no compromise with your better self. One is either useful to the world or is detrimental. There is no neutral point. You will be either somebody or nobody, and remember that so long as you are perfectly sincere and live according to your own knowledge and as your conscience tells you, you will be somebody, and it doesn't make very much difference what the world thinks of you. The men who have proved themselves strongest, the men of genius, the inventors, the philosophers, the preachers, the scientists, have in hundreds of cases been men whom the people of their day laughed at. They did the best they could according to their light, cared little for what the people around them thought, and while they were probably laughed at in their day, time showed their value to the world and to their fellow men. Thus it may be with you.

If you are looking for an opening for your life's career, you cannot do better than pick a spot right here in Canada. Probably the place to start is right where you are. A lot of people make mistakes in running around looking for opportunities when, in all probability, the opportunity is standing around the corner waiting for the door to be opened to make a bolt in. It is the wise young man or woman who can see an opportunity and grab it from where he stands, and in a good many cases these



BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE BURLINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Canada cannot be a strong nation unless her youth become strong in character.

AN APPEAL

opportunities consist simply in doing honestly, sincerely and with all the heart that can be put into it the things which lie right at hand. It may be pitching hay on the farm, chucking coal into the fire-box of a locomotive or delivering parcels from a grocery store. If these things are done with the right spirit and done as well as one knows how to do them, bigger opportunities are as certain to crop up all in good time as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. Those of us who look back from added years see that the hard and trying work in what seemed to be limited opportunities was really a preparation for the bigger things to follow, and if the one who is doing what seems to be the little things doesn't do them in the best way he knows how he will not be ready to take hold of the bigger things when they come along.

This country of ours, Canada, is to-day, in resources, an undeveloped opportunity, the greatest under God's heaven. With its wealth of land, forest and mine, with its unknown and undreamed-of resources in the sections man has not yet trod, it presents a wealth of opportunity such as our fathers never dreamed of. The young man or woman who believes in the syllable "can" and will develop his or her will-power to say "I can," and "I will," and follows this up with the doing will not lack a place in this country.

THE MAKING OF A MAN

With all the struggle and striving for success do not forget that life's choicest gift is Love. Every chivalrous act results from love. Faith, Hope and Charity are all the outgrowth of love. Nature as we see it around us in the fields and forests is a picture of love, and is a sort of mirror reflecting God's thoughts.

Robert and Mary, the hero and heroine of the preceding story, went their way and left an impress of their lives on their country and on the hearts of the people of their time by playing fairly and by working with God's blessing. To fill a similar place in life it will be necessary for you to work with the same end in view and under the same auspices.

Will you do it?

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The making of a man

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